THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE OLD SPINSTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I was like a rose in June,
Like a fresh May morning;
Fair and young, oh, fair and young!
Quickly as my song is sung,
Cruel youth fled all too soon,
Left me without warning.

Sunny days in song I spent,
Frosty, treading measures;
Chestnut hair, curling hair,
And a waist so lithe and spare!
All my thoughts on joy were bent,
All my hopes were pleasures.

Now, alas! I'm old and gray,
Gone my tresses flowing;
I sit and spin, sit and spin,
By the hearth, day out, day in;
On the roof the rain-drops play,
The wind is coldly blowing.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

INTERIOR OF FORT WALKER, HILTON HEAD, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT AND ITS EVACUATION.

THE FLEET COMING UP TO LAND TROOPS.

The above is from a sketch made on the spot by the special artist of the Illustrated News. The scene at the camp which was presented to the view of the landing party was of a very interesting character, and the confusion everywhere visible showed that the rebels fled in terrible alarm, leaving everything behind them—swords, guns, clothing, watches, money, and everything pertaining to a well regulated camp.—Ladies' clothing was found in great abundance. The hot-shot furnaces were still filled with hot shot, and warm dinners were in plenty lying around, scarcely disturbed. In different parts of the fort were found ten killed, one of them being a captain in the German artillery. These men were all horribly mutilated, and the sight was heart sickening. Graves were dug in the trench.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

Betsy Jane, the promoted scullery-maid, had a bad time with her invalid for the rest of the day upon which the Major paid his philanthropic visit. The sick woman talked every hour more and more wildly. Disjointed sentences, in which the name of Sir Rupert Lisle was coupled with all kinds of vague delirious fancies, and interwoven with all things, however common or however strange, fell every moment from her burning lips.—All the ice that the girl could heap upon the invalid's hot head could not cool the fever of that weary brain. Betsy Jane gave it up in despair at last, and seating herself as comfortably as she could on a stool by the fire, leaned her rough head against the brass rim of the high fender, and composed herself to the perusal of an interesting fiction in penny numbers, entitled, "Rodolph with the Red Hand."

But as she had complained to Doctor Lumkins, she had not slept a wink the night before, so she soon began to get rather confused about the numbers of "Rodolph," going from seventeen to twenty, and otherwise bewildering herself with that romance, until at last she grew quite unsettled as to the identity of Rodolph himself, and falling straight from a most interesting passage into a deep sleep, dreamed that the red-handed hero was lying on the tent bedstead, and talking about Sir Rupert Lisle.

"Lady Lisle! Lady Lisle! Lady Lisle!—fetch Lady Lisle!"

Rodolph with the Red Hand grew so loud and shrill, that he woke Betsy Jane, who opened her eyes with a start that jerked her head off the brass rail of the fender into her lap.

The sick woman had raised herself up in the bed, and was pointing to the door.

"Lady Lisle!" she screamed; "fetch Lady Lisle!"

Betsy Jane stared very hard, but took no further notice of her patient.

"Fetch her," cried Rachel; "bring her to me, that I may tell her all before I die. Bring her to me, that I may save my wretched soul. Do you hear? Bring her to me!"

Still the girl did not stir. Rachel Arnold looked at her fiercely for a moment, and then catching up a knife which lay beside a plate of cut lemons upon the little table by the bed, shrieked, at the top of her voice,—

"Fetch her to me, or I'll murder you!"

Betsy Jane uttered a series of loud screams, and abruptly precipitated herself down the servants' staircase, and thence into the lower part of the house.

The splendid mansion had been but a dismal place of late. Sir Rupert was almost always away. In London; at Brighton; playing billiards at the Lislewood inn, where Captain Walsingham had stopped years before; at Chichester; at Lewes; anywhere but in his own house. There he was wretched. He sneaked about the costly rooms as if they did not belong to him, and if he sat in a luxurious arm-chair, seemed to try to hide himself among the velvet cushions. Arrogant and overbearing elsewhere, the sight of the old servants, whose fathers and grandfathers had lived and died in the service of the Lisles, seemed to frighten him. Olivia spent most of her time either at the Grove, on horseback on the downs, or in her own apartments.—The Major and Mrs. Varney had the house to themselves. To the Major the servants looked for orders, the visitors for entertainment. People began to talk about this strange state of things. They said that Olivia Lisle and her husband were at daggers drawn, that the young man was fast becoming a drunkard and a profligate, and that everything would go to wreck and ruin but for the exertions of that estimable Major Varney.

It happened, however, upon this particular afternoon, that Lady Lisle was at home. She could not ride, for the day had turned out wet, and she was alone in the long drawing-room, standing at one of the windows, watching the ceaseless rain beating upon the glass, when the door was suddenly opened, and a face that was strange to her thrust a little way into the room.

The face belonged to Betsy Jane, who had never taken breath between the garret and the drawing-room.

"What is it?" asked Lady Lisle. "What do you want?"

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," gasped the girl, "if you please, ma'am, meaning my lady, the sick woman, Mrs. Arnold, my lady, she ast me to fetch you; and she taken up a knife as lay, as it might be, just agen the bed, and she say she'd murder me if I didn't. Oh, do come, my lady."

"Rachel Arnold wants me?" said Olivia, interrogatively.

"Particular bad, my lady. She's been a ravin' awful all day; and she say it's to save her soul. Do come, my lady."

"I will come, my good girl," said Lady Lisle. "Poor creature! I can't think what she can want with me. But I'll come."

Olivia followed the girl to the room where the sick woman lay, and, entering softly, seated herself by the bedside. The January day was drawing in, but it was still light.

"I've brought my lady," said Betsy Jane. "It isn't every lady as would come to gratify yer woritin' nonsense."

"Lady Lisle! Lady Lisle!" repeated the woman, not looking once at Olivia.

"Well, here is Lady Lisle, ain't she? If that won't satisfy you, nothin' will."

Rachel Arnold raised herself upon her elbows and looked at Olivia.

"No! no! not this one!" she cried. "The other! the other! This one is dark and proud, and her black eyes shine like burning coals. I'm frightened of this one. Not this one! the other? The other that was once counted like me. God help me!"

"She means my mother," said Olivia. She always called Mrs. Walsingham her mother.

"I mean she that was fair and pale. She that married Sir Reginald Lisle years ago, when I was a happy girl. She that had an only son. An only son that she loved so much. Poor lady! poor lady! Let me see her."

"You can't see her now," said Olivia, gently; "she is away from Lislewood just now, but you shall see her in a day or two if you have anything particular to say to her."

"Particular!" cried Rachel. "It's life and death. It's to save my wretched soul. I may die to-night. How can I die with such a burden on my soul?"

"But if you have anything to tell, if there is anything that weighs upon your mind, can you not tell it to me?" said Olivia, soothingly. "All that concerns Mrs. Walsingham has the deepest interest to me, and why not trust me?"

"No! no!" exclaimed the woman. "No! you'd never forgive it. You are *his* wife, and the injury that's been done to you is the deepest; worse than hers—worse even than hers. She might forgive me, for she was my old mistress, and she knew me years ago, when I was a happy girl, and 'counted like her. She might forgive me for keeping the wicked secret; but *you* never could."

"Yes, yes, tell me, and I promise to forgive."

"You promise!" cried Rachel Arnold, impatiently; "but you don't know—you don't know. I tell you, you *can't* forgive. You're passionate and proud, and you come, I've heard, of an ancient family, and you can't forgive."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Olivia, alarmed by the earnestness of the woman's manner.—"Tell me," she repeated, taking Rachel Arnold's attenuated hand in her own.

"Then sit with your face behind the bed-curtain," said Rachel; "and let me think, if I can, that you're the other, the old Lady Lisle. But first send that girl away."

"You may go," said Lady Lisle to the disappointed Betsy Jane, whose curiosity had been intensely aroused by the foregoing scene, which she found even more interesting than "Rodolph with the Red Hand." "You may go; and mind, no listening outside the door. Go straight down stairs, and let me hear you go."

The discomforted handmaiden retired; and, with the shadows of the twilight darkening her handsome face, still darker by the shade of the curtain behind which she sat, Olivia Lisle listened to the sick woman's confession.

Whatever was uttered in those disjointed and broken sentences, never consecutive, and always rambling off and wandering back to what had been said a hundred times before—whatever was the secret revealed in those half delirious ravings, it must have been something that vitally affected Olivia, Lady Lisle, for the dark face of Sir Rupert's wife was ghastly in its pallor as she left the sick woman's chamber, and tottered feebly down the dusky staircase, clinging to the bannisters as she went, and stopping every now and then to put her hand to her head and say, with a bewildered air,—

"Can it be true? Can it? Can it?"

CHAPTER XXX.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

Lady Lisle sat alone in the lamp-lit drawing-room throughout that long evening upon which she had visited the chamber of the sick woman.

Pale almost to ghastliness, she sat in a brooding attitude, crouching over the broad fire-place, with her great hollow, black eyes vacantly staring into the red blaze at her feet. Hour after hour struck on the gilded clock over the mantelpiece, and still the lady remained buried in gloomy thought. An assiduous footman came into the room once or twice to renew the fire, but she never lifted her drooping head, or appeared to be aware of the man's presence.

The Major and Sir Rupert had gone to Chichester before dinner, and were not expected to return till late. It was very rarely that Olivia troubled herself about her husband's actions, but on this particular evening she had asked where the Baronet had gone, and at what hour he was likely to come home.

Eleven, twelve, one, half-past one, a quarter to two sounded, with a pretty musical chime, from the splendid timepiece, while Olivia still sat with an unchanging face waiting for her husband's coming; but at the last stroke of the three-quarters the wheels of the Baronet's drag dashed over the gravel carriage-drive below the drawing-room windows, and drew sharply up at the porch.

"The Major is driving," muttered Olivia; "that pitiful coward is afraid to hold the reins after dark."

She heard Major Varney and the Baronet talking in the hall without. Sir Rupert spoke loudly, but his voice was thick and indistinct, and he fumbled at the lock for some time before he could open the drawing-room door. He reeled unsteadily into the room, and, flinging himself into the nearest chair, burst into a loud, discordant laugh.

"We've had a gi—glorious evenin', eh, old fellow?" he said to the Major, throwing his head back upon the velvet cushion of the chair, with his pale, lank hair hanging in drunken disorder about his besotted face.

"My Rupert," murmured Major Varney, reproachfully, "do you see Lady Lisle?"

"What?" screamed the young man, "is she there? No, I don't see her, and what's more, I don't want to see her. Curse her, for a kill-joy; what do I want with her white face, and great black eyes, and her grand airs to me? I'll teach her to treat me to her airs. I'll make her know who I am, d—n her!"

Proud in the paltry dastardy of his soul of even his drunken bluster, he slapped his hand upon his thigh and looked triumphantly about him.

Lady Lisle rose from her low chair, and drawing herself up to the fullest extent of her commanding height, walked straight over to the young man.

"Suppose I *do* know who you are?" she said.

The Major had been lounging in the open doorway, half in the room and half out of it, languidly drawing off his lemon-colored kid gloves, but as Olivia uttered these words, he suddenly changed his attitude, and carefully shutting the door, placed himself with his back to it.

"Suppose I *do* know who you are?" repeated Lady Lisle, her eyes flashing flames of fire upon the besotted young man. "Suppose, to my bitter cost and shame, that I do know who you are, and all about you."

Her nostrils and her upper lip quivered in the intensity of her excitement. She was obliged to rest her hand upon the table near which she stood, in order to support herself, for her whole frame was shaken by a convulsive trembling.

"My dearest Lady Lisle," said the Major, with his back still against the door, and with a certain expression on his face, which showed that he was listening intently to any sound without, "I really did not expect this from you; with your powerful intellect, it is positively the last thing I should have expected."

"I tell you," cried Olivia, her voice vibrating, clear and loud, through the lofty room, "I tell you that I know all about the base and wicked plot, and I know your infamous share in it, Major Granville Varney. Why, look at him!" she cried, with passionate vehemence, extending her hand towards her husband—"look at him, drunken and stupid—more brutal than the oxen that sleep in his fields—lower than the lowest brute in his stables. Good heavens! what a pitiful dupe I must have been to be deceived by such a thing as that!" She burst into an hysterical laugh as she looked with ineffable contempt at the young man.

The Major quietly took the key from the lock of the door, and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket; then, advancing to Lady Lisle, he tried to take her hands in his.

"Lady Lisle," he said, "listen to me!"

She snatched her hand indignantly from him.

"*Lady Lisle!*" she cried. "Hypocrite, plotter, trickster, cheat! how dare you call me by that false and lying name! which has never—no, never for one poor hour been my own. Oh, fool, *fool*, fool!" she moaned, her rage and scorn changing to a tone of anguish and regret. "Fool, to sell my soul for pomp and grandeur, to sacrifice an earnest and noble heart, for what—for what? For an impostor, whose name is a lie, and who fattens upon the wealth of another man."

Sir Rupert Lisle stared aghast at his infuriated wife; pushing his hair out of his watery eyes, he seemed in a breath to recover from his drunken torpor, and to be all his cowardly self again.

"She has been talking to that she-devil upstairs," he said, looking piteously at the Major, "and she has told her—"

"She has told me everything," interrupted Olivia. "Your poor, unhappy, ill-used mother has told me all, and who and what the so-called Sir Rupert Lisle really is."

Major Varney shrugged his shoulders with a deprecatory smile.

"As I said a little time ago, Lady Lisle," he murmured, "you are the very last person from whom I should have expected this. Come, now," he added, in his most soothing tone, wheeling a chair towards Olivia—"come, let us sit down and try to ascertain what is the meaning of all this."

She was so exhausted by the violence of her passion, that she had no power left to oppose him, so she sank into the chair he offered her.

"Now then," he said, "let us try and clearly understand this case. You have been so very imprudent as to suffer yourself to be induced to pay a visit to the sick woman in the upper floor of this house?"

"I have," she said, hoarsely.

"And that unfortunate creature, who has been, as it is notorious to several persons, out of her mind for some days past, has been entertaining you with her delirious hallucinations."

"She has told me what I know and feel to be the solemn and hideous truth," said Olivia, looking full at the Major. "I wish to heaven it were false."

"Oh, you know and feel that what she has told you is true," murmured the Major.—"May I ask if she has given you any proof of the truth of what she has told you?"

"No actual proof, perhaps," said Olivia.

"No actual proof, eh?" asked the Major, triumphantly, rubbing his white hands, and smiling radiantly upon the unhappy woman. "Has she given you any proof whatever—the shadow of a proof, however slight? No?" he cried, raising his voice in his enthusiasm; "I will wager not. She has simply told you that she is the mother of a gentleman of high

birth, whose real mother has publicly recognised and acknowledged him; and she has told you some cock-and-bull story about a plot as preposterous and impracticable as anything ever dreamt of out of a three-volume novel. This is what she has done, is it not?"

"She has revealed your part in the wicked scheme," said Olivia; "the cruel scheme which you yourself concocted, finding, with the despicable cowardice of a villain, a meaner instrument to carry it out."

"My dear Lady Lisle," said the Major, in no wise agitated by the accusations hurled at him by Olivia, "my dear *Lady Lisle*, I throw myself upon your common sense. Only submit to be guided by that, and we shall very quickly understand each other. Supposing that I had ever dreamed of such a plot as that of which you speak, do you think I should have chosen Rachel Arnold as a confidant? Do you think I should have ever confided in a poor, weak, half-witted, sickly creature, who might take it into her head to betray me at any moment? Is that feasible? Is it likely? Good heavens! is it even possible?"

"She was very incoherent," said Olivia; "but I think, from what she said, that she had overheard some conversation between you and her husband."

"Lady Lisle," answered the Major, gravely, "I am very sorry that you should have ever given way to such an outburst as this of to-night. You have been listening to the ravings of a mad woman, in whom a long and troublesome illness has developed an hallucination, not perhaps so incomprehensible, if we bear in mind that Rachel Arnold once had a son about the age of Sir Rupert; and you are so influenced by this unhappy creature, as to come and tell your husband, in very violent language, that he is not the person he pretends to be, and, further, to accuse me of being a party to the deception. Now, supposing that it were to your interest to support this assertion by proof, which it can never be, since to do so would only render you the laughing-stock of all Sussex, as the woman who sold herself to a man for his rank and fortune, and found that she had married a beggar; if, I say, it were to your interest to prove this, what proof could you bring forward?"

Olivia was silent.

"You say that our friend there, is not the real Baronet, and that the actual Sir Rupert Lisle is now living. May I ask where?"

"I cannot tell you."

"I thought not," murmured the Major, complacently. "It is not in your power to produce him, and it is not likely to be in your power to produce him, eh?"

"I fear not."

"Good. And pray may I ask when Mrs. Rachel Arnold last saw him alive?"

"When he was removed from the hospital, upwards of fifteen years ago."

"Fifteen years!" repeated Major Varney; "a long time, my dear Lady Lisle. And in the face of the ravings of a woman who has been pronounced by her medical attendant to be out of her mind, and in the absence of all other proof whatsoever, we have to set against this accusation of yours the deposition of the woman's husband Gilbert Arnold, duly signed by him, in the presence of the Baronet's lawyers."

"Heaven help me!" cried Olivia, clasping her hands together passionately; "my instinct tells me that the woman has spoken the truth."

"Your instinct would go very little way towards the support of your case in a court of law, my dear Lady Lisle," said the Major. "We are not afraid of you, are we, my Rupert? We are not afraid of you, or of Mrs. Arnold either; indeed, there is only one person whom Sir Rupert Lisle need fear, and that person is Major Granville Varney."

He struck his hand upon his side playfully as he spoke, touching the little morocco pocket-book strapped under his waistcoat, so that the steel chain and padlock jingled. The Baronet shuddered at the sound.

"Heaven help me, and teach me what to do in my misery," exclaimed Olivia.

"I should recommend you to let well alone, my dear madam, rather than to create a useless disturbance, which would render you an object of pity to all the county, as an ambitious woman, who was duped by the low-bred son of a poaching vagabond. Why, it would be so bad as the stage play of the 'Lady of Lyons.'"

Wearied out and despairing, Olivia Lisle retired to her own apartments, to brood over the events of the day.

Early the next morning, as she was crossing the hall, she saw a fly standing at the door, and two strange men lounging upon the marble steps of the portico.

"Who are you waiting for?" she asked of one of them—a great, broad-shouldered fellow, with a red handkerchief muffled round his throat.

"We're waiting for the person for the asylum, mum; and a power of time she is, too," answered the man.

"The asylum! What asylum," cried Olivia.

"The County Lunatic Asylum, ma'am, for pauper lunatics."

Before Lady Lisle could ask another question, Rachel Arnold tottered into the hall, supported on one side by the country girl, who had nursed her, and on the other by a hard-faced looking woman, who had come from the asylum to assist in the removal of the patient.

The wretched creature was as white as death, and trembled violently.

"Oh, my lady, my lady!" she cried piteously, "don't let them take me away—pray, pray, pray, don't let them take me! I'm not mad, indeed, indeed I'm not! What I told you was as true as gospel; every word the cruel, bitter truth."

"Stop!" cried Olivia. "Stop, I insist! What is the meaning of this?"

"It means, Lady Lisle," said Major Varney, opening the door of the library, and looking out upon the group in the hall, "it means that when people become the victims of the hallucinations of a disordered brain, it is high time that they should be placed in confinement, or else," added the Major, with peculiar emphasis, "they might come in time to influence the minds of others, their superiors in station, until they made them as mad as themselves. And remember, my dear Lady Lisle, that the highest rank will not save any one from a mad house."

The hard-faced woman and one of the men dragged Rachel Arnold towards the steps of the portico, but upon the very threshold of the house she stopped suddenly, and lifting up her thin and wasted hands, shrieked aloud—

"My curses be upon this house, and the wicked creatures within it!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

POOR RICHARD.

The winter snows melted away from the broad common outside Belminster; the crocuses in Mr. Hayward's garden were succeeded by bright daffodils and scented jonquils; blue violets hid themselves under blackthorn hedges, bursting into blossom in the lanes about the city, and still Blanche Hayward's simple round of duty wore away the busy hours of each useful day; still the handsome curate went about his work with a gloomy face and a pre-occupied manner; still the plain-spoken rector fought his life-long battle with the sins of poor feeble human nature; and still Richard Saunders occupied the master's seat in the new National School.

With the spring sunshine of a bright afternoon in early May circling his pale brown hair, he sits amongst his noisy scholars, patiently expounding some little lesson that they have just repeated. But, indefatigable as he is, and much as he is beloved by his rustic pupils, the stranger's first thought on seeing him is that he is out of place in the humble school. The dreamy blue eyes have a vague and yearning look that tells of some hidden desire for a higher sphere than that enclosed by those narrow walls. There is something of a nervous restlessness in his manner that does not bespeak an entirely contented mind. But whatever he may think or feel, he does his duty bravely, and the rough boys love their gentle master with an honest devotion shown in a hundred homely ways. They bring him fine bunches of flowers from their cottage gardens; they rise before daybreak, in order that they may decorate his rooms with their nosegays before he awakes to admire the result of their labor; they run miles to fetch any book which he wants, for they know that he is a great scholar, and they stare at him, in open-mouthed wonder, as he pores over some heavy volume borrowed from a neighboring parson. A shelf in his little sitting room is loaded with books, bought out of his pocket-money in those days when uncle George's allowance enabled him to gratify his studious tastes. This May afternoon he is especially grave and silent, and he says very little to the boys as he dismisses them; so that, indeed, two or three of them go away quite disconcerted, whispering to each other that the teacher has something on his mind.

When they are all gone, Richard Saunders relapses into a reverie, with his blue eyes fixed upon the open window, where, across a simple cottage garden and a neatly-trimmed hedgerow, he can see the winding pathway over the common, by which Blanche had brought him in the winter to see the new-built school-house.

"Will she come?" he murmured. "She promised to bring me the last *Quarterly* as soon as she got it from the book-club; she is so good, so energetic, so untiring, that she is sure to keep her promise. Yes, I know she will come."

The thought seemed to fill him with a vague sense of pleasure. He walked to the hanging bookshelf, and having selected a volume, began to read, with his face still turned towards the window and the winding path that led from Belminster.

He did not read long, but dropping the book upon his knee, fell to watching this narrow sheep path.

"Even if she does come to bring the book," he said, by-and-by, "what of it? She would do the same for the oldest pauper in Belminster, if he had a taste for reading, and she thought it her duty to give him pleasure. She is so different from other girls, that a man must be the vilest coxcomb who construed any act of hers into a token of preference or regard."

The thought made him very gloomy, and he rose from his chair, to take two or three hurried turns up and down the uncarpeted room.

He was not a handsome young man, but there was a delicacy and refinement in his appearance, that made him peculiarly attractive. His clothes were simple in material, and subdued in color, but wear what he would, he must always have looked a gentleman.

As he strode up and down the room, a bright face looked in at the latticed window, and a merry voice exclaimed,—

"What, Richard! this *is* impatience!—Marching about like a hungry lion waiting for his dinner, because, I suppose, I am late with your cherished *Quarterly*. I am sorry to tell you that it is dreadfully dull; I have not been able to read half-a-dozen pages.—Shall I come in?"

"Oh, if you will, please, yes," he stammered, blushing like a girl at the frank question.

"Very well then," said Blanche. "I've all sorts of messages for you from papa, and a great deal to say to you myself, so I'll come in and sit down for about ten minutes."

The young man flew to open the door for his visitor, who walked into the schoolroom, and ensconced herself in the chair of office.

For about ten minutes she ran on, telling Richard all sorts of things—commissions she wanted him to execute, inquiries he was to make about the parents of his pupils, and other business-like matters. But the schoolmaster was very silent. He leaned against the window sill, with his back to the dusky light, and with one white, girlish hand playing restlessly with his slender watch-chain.

Blanche noticed his pre-occupied manner, and said to him at last, rather impatiently—

"Why, Richard Saunders, you are not attending to me a bit. I don't believe you have understood a word I have said."

"I have not, I have not, Miss Hayward," he cried, with a sudden and passionate energy; "I only hear your voice, and that is such melody to me that I am intoxicated with the dear music, and my brain reels as I listen."

"Richard!" she said.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "tell me that I forget my place; that your kindness has made me insolent. Go to your father, Blanche, and tell him that he has misplaced his bounty, for that the young man who owes a home to his kindness has repaid that kindness by daring to love his daughter."

"Richard, Richard!" cried Blanche, with a pitying sadness. "No, no, no!"

"You do not tell me of my presumption, Miss Hayward?"

"No, Richard. What presumption can there be in these words from you to me? we who are equals by education and feeling, as we are most likely equals by birth?"

"What!" exclaimed Richard, his pale face radiant with hope. "Can you mean what you say? Is it possible? Can it be that you will listen—"

"Not to one word, Richard," she said, with decision. "Not to one word. Oh, Richard, Richard! why did such an idea as this ever enter your head? Why were you not content with those quiet studies amidst which you were so happy? Do you know what a bitter thing it is to love, and to love without hope? Do you know the grief and shame of thinking night and day of one who never thinks of you? The bitter humiliation, the degradation, the anguish? Oh, Richard, you are but a boy yet, and I speak to you as I might speak to some dear younger brother, and I warn you, as I might warn him, to cast this silly fancy from your heart."

She had spoken with an unwonted fire and animation, her gray eyes lighting up into a feverish lustre, and a burning blush crimsoning her cheek.

"Is there no hope, then? Is there no hope, Blanche? Remember, I am but a boy, as you have said, and my poverty is a thing of to-day. I will work till I get the means for a college education, I will go into the church, I will make myself your equal in station; and then, then, Blanche, when I have done all this, would there still be no hope?"

"None, Richard, none!"

The gentle gravity of her manner, the earnest sadness of her voice, would have told the dullest wooer that his case was, indeed, hopeless. Richard Saunders hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

At this moment the threshold was darkened by the shadow of the curate of Belminster.

"May I come in?" said Walter, entering the room without waiting for an answer.—"Miss Hayward, good evening to you. Richard, how are you to-night?"

He laid his hand, as he spoke, upon the young man's shoulder, and felt that his whole frame was shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Why, Richard! Richard!" he said, gently, "what is this?"

"You have been very good to me, Mr. Remorden," said the young man, "and I have confided in you as I might have done had you been my elder brother. You know, you know how I love her. She will forgive me for telling you that I have told her so to-night."

"Yes, yes."

"And she has forbidden me to hope, either in the present, or for the future. Heaven bless her! an angel might have spoken as she spoke to me this night; but for all that she has broken my heart."

The curate could not see Blanche's face. She had leaned her head upon her hand, and sat looking at the ground.

"My children, my children," said Walter, gently, "for you seem almost children to me, is there nothing hasty in this decision? You appear so suited to each other in every way that I had hoped a better issue. Miss Hayward, give me your hand. How cold it is, poor little hands! Come, let us sit round the window in this dim twilight, and I will tell you a love story; a true one too, with a sad ending, but a good moral, that perhaps you may do well to remember."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CURATE'S STORY.

"It is generally an understood thing," said Mr. Remorden, seating himself with his back to the window, and his face in the shadow, "that a man ought to be ashamed of ever having been a victim to a hopeless passion, and, above all, of having been jilted by the girl he loved. However this may be, I freely acknowledge to you both that I come among the unhappy category of men who have been jilted."

Blanche started slightly as the curate made this confession, but neither she nor Richard spoke.

"Until to-night," continued Walter Remorden, "I have never uttered a word of this to any creature breathing. I have borne my own burdens, sometimes very heavily, and I have tried to do my duty. But when I see this poor boy"—he laid his hand affectionately upon Richard's shoulder—"when I see him mourning over shipwrecked hopes and broken dreams, I can perhaps best console him by telling him how the hopes of others have gone down in the storm of life, leaving nothing but ruin behind."

Blanche sat with her earnest, gray eyes fixed upon the curate's face, but Richard's head sank upon the humble desk at which he was accustomed to write.

"Some years ago, I formed an attachment to a woman who was, to my mind, womanly perfection. I know now that she was not faultless; looking back, I remember the haughty temper, the proud contempt for the low meanness of others, and those bright ambitious dreams, which would perhaps have better become the struggling spirit of a man; but with faults like these, she had a heart so brave and noble, a mind so far removed from every lowering thought, that still I can only think that she was worthy of all love. Heaven knows how truly I loved her; I know that she loved me. I never saw that love so plainly as a few weeks before her marriage with another."

"She loved you, and yet married another man!" exclaimed Blanche.

"She did. We had been friends from childhood; her father was fond of me, and my happiest hours were spent beneath his roof, in the society of the girl I loved. She was very young, barely seventeen, when I left the neighborhood for a curacy at a distance. We parted with no actual engagement, but a tacit understanding that on my return she should become my wife. I felt so secure in my belief in her truth, in my assurance that her love was as sincere as my own, that I never dreamed of seeking to bind her by any formal promise. How could she wrong me? Was she not my second self, a part of my very being?"

"And yet she deceived you!" murmured Blanche.

"I was away three years. We did not correspond during that time, for as yet our attachment was a secret from her father. I heard of her constantly through others, who saw her daily, and who beheld her every day more beautiful and high-spirited. During that three years' probation I was perfectly happy. My faith in her was so entire, that I looked forward to our future union as only contingent upon life itself. Perhaps Heaven was angry with me for making an idol of an earthly creature; perhaps my very love became sinful. If it was indeed so, my punishment was a bitter and a terrible one."

He paused for some moments, as if lost in melancholy retrospection; neither of his hearers interrupted him, and presently he resumed,—

"I worked very hard,—less, perhaps, in the desire to do my duty than from the wish to make my name known in the diocese as a worthy object for advancement in the church, and for *her* sake. I was on foot from morning till night, for I would not afford myself a horse, in my desire to save money enough to furnish a house elegantly when the happy time came. Knocked up with fatigue, excitement, anxiety, and hard work, I was obliged at last to succumb, and I fell seriously ill. It was during this illness, when I was lonely and broken-spirited, attended only by the honest country woman with whom I had lodged, that I heard, quite by accident, of her approaching marriage with a very rich man, a baronet, whose estates lay all about the neighborhood of her home."

As the curate paused for an instant, his voice broken by emotion, Blanche drew a little nearer to him, and laid her cold hand upon his own.

"You feel for me, Blanche," he said; "I knew, I knew you would. You will forgive me now for my gloomy looks, my moods of dull abstraction, my indifference to the attractions of those who possess womanly charms calculated to make them truly loved and admired. The blow was a very bitter one; for some time I was stunned by it, and lay day after day in my feeble, half-delirious state, wondering if I had heard aright, and if it could indeed be true that the woman I had so fully trusted had betrayed me."

"She must have been the most heartless—"

"Stay, Blanche! Do not utter one reproachful word. Heaven knows that I have long ago forgiven her, poor girl! for I doubt if the step she took, was not one calculated to bring upon her a life of misery. As soon as I could rise from my sick bed, a fever scened to possess me; I felt that, come what might, I must return to the old home, and assure myself with my own eyes and ears that it was indeed as people said. The kind vicar's wife gladly welcomed a poor, broken-down invalid beneath her hospitable roof, and I found myself once more within a couple of miles of her whom I had thought to call my wife."

"Did you see her?" asked Blanche.

"I did. Once only; yet I saw, in that one brief interview, that the marriage was dictated by ambition alone; that her feelings towards myself had never altered, but that she had been unable to resist the temptations of wealth and position. Poor girl! she had been reared in the very lap of poverty; she had seen it in its bitterest shape—the poverty of the high-born and proud, and it was scarcely strange that she should yield. I could not feel all this then, but I have learned to remember it since. That night I did not see her only, I also saw the future bridegroom—"

"And he—," said Blanche.

"Oh, Blanche, do not ask me what he was! I saw him, and then indeed I felt the real bitterness of her desertion. Then, when I beheld the low-minded vulgarian to whom she was about to ally herself—high-born good heavens! I do not think there could have been a laboring man upon his vast estate one half as boorish or ill-mannered, as mean in person or in soul?"

"And yet he was a—gentleman?"

"By birth, yes. But there were were peculiar circumstances attending his childhood and youth, which, as some said, accounted for his loutish manners and paltry mind. My heart sank when I saw him, and felt that on the caprice of a coward and a tyrant hung the future happiness of the woman I adored."

Again the curate was silent for some moments, then, rising suddenly from his seat, he began to walk rapidly up and down the schoolroom.

"From that time to this I have never heard of her," he said, "for I purposely avoid any mention of her in my letters, and others, who know or guess my feelings, avoid it also. Heaven knows what her life may have been; my heart sickens when I think of her, for I would not of my own will trust a dog to the tender mercies of Sir Rupert Lisle."

Throughout the curate's story, Richard Saunders had not once spoken or lifted his head from its recumbent position upon the desk before him; but on the mention of the Baronet's name, he started from his seat, and, ghastly pale in the dusk, cried, in wild and terrified accents,—

"Sir Rupert Lisle! Are *you* mad, as well as I? It is the very name—the very name, which I have neither heard nor spoken for twelve long years."

"What do you mean, Richard?" exclaimed Blanche Hayward, almost alarmed for the young man's sanity.

"I mean, that when I was a child I had a dangerous fever which made me mad, and my madness was to fancy myself Sir Rupert Lisle!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANNERS. The young gentleman from New Jersey who asks advice as to the cultivation of his manners, is informed that there is no other way than to overcome his bashfulness and his silly fear of being laughed at, go into the best society he can gain admittance to, see how the best-mannered people act, and imitate them the best he can. He can no more learn good manners out of society, than to swim without going into the water. If he *cannot* overcome his bashfulness, and his dread of ridicule, there is no help for him in "dancing masters" or anything else.

OF ALL THINGS DO NOT FORGET THIS.—Of all things we hope our friends will not forget the new year—and that there are many thousands of people whom a paper like THE POST would exactly suit. Our new PREMIUM MAP will recompense any one for the trouble of getting up a small club for us, among acquaintances to whom THE POST has never gone. If every old subscriber would get us even a small club of four new ones, it would probably make the sum of 1862 shine very brightly to us.

CAVALRY.

A recent letter from Washington, says:—

The reconnoissance made yesterday by a squadron of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisting of companies F and N, under command of Capt. Bell, in the neighborhood of Vienna, resulted disastrously to our forces.

After reaching Vienna they took the right-hand road toward Hunter's Mill, and had gone about a mile and a half, when they suddenly found themselves hemmed in on three sides by not only a superior force of cavalry, but also of infantry.

The discharges of the rebel musketry placed the horses of our cavalry beyond the control of their riders, the animals having been but recently brought into service, and therefore unaccustomed to such an alarm.

The officers, *after several ineffectual attempts to get their men in line*, for the purpose of making a charge, ordered a retreat, which was effected in as good order as the peculiar circumstances permitted.

In connection with the above, the regular Washington correspondence of the daily press says:—

The experience of the government thus far with cavalry regiments is not favorable, and it is understood that they will be discountenanced by the Secretary of War in his forthcoming report to Congress. It will be remembered that Gen. Scott was all along opposed to this arm of the service, and the government now inclines to the belief that the old hero was right. The sad result of the reconnoissance of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry on Tuesday last have also aided materially in shaking the faith of the government in this method of warfare, *though in the present instance it is admitted that the men were not practised, and that the movement, to say the least, was foolhardy.* Where the cavalry troops are thoroughly drilled, and *their horses used to the crack of arms*, such regiments are doubtless valuable, but where both men and horses are *perfectly green* they aid in securing a defeat of our own forces instead of a victory.

It will be noticed that the horses used in the reconnoissance referred to, were so "perfectly green," that the discharges of musketry rendered it impossible for their riders to control them; and hence the men could not even be formed into line for the purpose of making a charge, but doubtless retreated in that very soldierly fashion, generally called "helter-skelter," which we suppose to be the meaning of the diplomatic phrase, "*in as good order as the peculiar circumstances permitted.*"

That this "unfortunate affair" can be made the basis of any good argument against the usefulness of *cavalry*, we are unable to see. Cavalry are disciplined men on disciplined horses. What are our cavalry regiments about on the Potomac, that they cannot spend an hour or two a day in accustoming their horses to the smoke, smell and sound of exploded powder? To go with green horses into an engagement with an enemy, seems little short of madness.

Cavalry regiments, worthy of the name, cannot be made in a day, especially where many of the men have been previously unaccustomed to riding. To learn to ride—we do not mean merely to learn to stick somehow on a horse—is the work of years. No man can be said to know how to ride, until he feels just as much at home on the back of his horse as he does on his feet. Now of the cavalry regiments raised in this city, many of the men rode their horses as if totally unaccustomed to the business; and seemed about as much at their ease as if riding a sharp rail. What constant riding, day in and day out, might do for such horsemen, we know not—but we should think it would take a year to make them worth anything.—Such men should not have been mustered. No man who did not know something of riding, to begin with, should have been allowed to enter a cavalry regiment. A regiment of five hundred good riders, would probably be more than a match for a regiment of one thousand, half of whom were poor ones—for the poor riders would not only be worth nothing of themselves, but would throw the good ones into confusion by their bad management of their horses.

To talk against the use of cavalry in war—cavalry worthy of the name—seems to us simply absurd. If the rebels had had ten regiments of cavalry to let loose upon our retreat at Manassas, they could have cut our dispirited army to pieces. That is the principal use of cavalry, utterly to cut up and destroy an enemy, and convert a disorderly retreat into a total rout. Half of our army, and nearly all our artillery and stores, might have been captured at Manassas, had the enemy been strong in cavalry. The effect of a charge of fresh horsemen upon foot soldiers wearied with a long fight, does not need to be seen to be realized.

But raw men, and especially raw horses—horses that become scared at the first pistol shot—they are not cavalry. The proper place to station such a disorderly gang would be a matter of deep consideration for an "able General." For though they might be of some use in case of a victory, they would be apt to play the very mischief by riding down their own fellow-soldiers in case of a defeat.

"Well—everybody knows this." Of course they do. Just as well as they know that a battle should not be fought with a wide river in the rear, and with no adequate means of crossing it. As well as they know that the way to fight bush-fighters is not to array your men in an open field, where they can see you, and you cannot see them. But why—everybody knowing these things—do they have a way of committing such blunders on the Potomac?

COMING ROUND.

The disastrous course of events in Missouri since Gen. Fremont was suspended, is exercising a great and natural influence upon public opinion. For instance, the *North American*, of this city, says:—

We are free to confess that the absurd movement of General Hunter, in retreating to St. Louis, leaving all southern and western Missouri open to Price's rebel army, *has materially changed our opinion.* We are satisfied now that Hunter, if that was a specimen of his military sagacity, was very properly not consulted by Fremont, and that, as he has proved himself a blunderer, he had no right whatever to pronounce Fremont totally incompetent, thereby misleading Gen. Thomas and Gen. Cameron, and through them the Administration.

But what had Gen. Hunter ever done which entitled him to set himself up as a judge upon the military merits of his superior officer—and to be regarded as a competent authority by the administration? The folly of the whole proceeding—granting that it was honest, which we doubt—should have been apparent to sensible men upon the face of it.

As to Gen. Halleck, what his military abilities are, is a matter to be proved. The mere facts that he has delivered military lectures, and written a work on *Bitumen*, and made money as a lawyer in San Francisco, prove very little one way or the other. We hope sincerely that he will prove himself to be an able general; and that in the only way that will be satisfactory to the country, by success in the field.

BALL'S BLUFF.

Is this affair, and the blunder the next day at Edward's Ferry, to be passed over without an investigation? Gen. Stone belongs to the regular army, but, as the *Louisville Democrat* justly says:—

Any editorial general could have done as well, or could not have done worse. We hardly read of a movement conducted with so little sense, with such profound, original, unredeemed stupidity.

Beauregard recently sent in copies of the orders under which Col. Baker acted, picked up on the field of battle—for which "*sorry*," if we are not mistaken, the rebel general was not greatly thanked. Come, gentlemen of West Point and the Regular Army, either show that General Stone was not to blame, or else be a little more careful how you laugh over the blunders of "civilian generals."

THE LADIES OF INDIANA.—A lady of Angola, Indiana, who sends us on a club of ten—*all ladies*—says:—

We ladies of the Hoosier state, like your paper as well as those ladies of the Green Mountain state you speak of. I have read it for ten years, and since last May have sent it to a son in the army at Washington.

No one can fail to have a high idea of the ladies of Indiana—for there is no state whose sons have done more nobly in this war; and when you see gallant conduct in the men of a state, you may safely infer what their mothers and sisters are.

OUR thanks are due to Hon. W. D. Kelley for a copy of his able speech in the case of the United States *vs.* William Smith, on trial for piracy.

FREE DISCUSSION.

The "On-to-Richmond" *cobics* are not all dead yet—or, rather, having been killed off after the Bull Run disaster, they are again coming to life, exciting considerable satisfaction and discontent all round, with the old talk about "McClellan doing nothing," though "he has two men to the enemy's one," &c., &c. They cannot understand why Charleston has not been bombarded before this, Savannah laid in ashes, Pensacola cleaned out, and New Orleans once more restored to the Union.—*Pity they could not be made to understand, however, that all that sort of talk is treasonable in spirit, and that for saying much less—but with a different motive, it may be—more than one individual has been sent down to Fort Lafayette.*

The writer of the above lacks clearness of perception, one would think. All such talk as he describes, however unwise or even foolish it may be, is *not* "treasonable in spirit," and the government would not dream of sending the man to Fort Lafayette who uttered it.

If the government were to try a game of that kind, it would be playing the tyrant, and soon have a hornet's nest about its ears. But the government has not the least idea of interfering with the freedom of speech and of the press, except so far as that freedom, so called, is traitorously used to overthrow the government itself. Neither would the people submit to any such exercise of power. And the writers who have not the good sense to draw this distinction, but seem to seek to confound the discussions of loyal men as to the best mode of carrying on the war, with the treasonable plottings of traitors, are themselves worthy the rebuke of the administration which they think they are serving, but which they are really doing an injury to.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A very good law in relation to Prison Discipline was adopted by the Legislature of this state, at its last session.

Without recounting the words, we may briefly state that the idea of the law is to abridge the term of imprisonment—when such term is over six months—by a certain number of days, in proportion to the good conduct of the criminal.

This offers a direct premium for good behavior, the effect of which will not only be felt during the term of imprisonment, but probably afterwards, for habit is second nature.

In five states of the Union this regulation has been already introduced, and we believe the result is such as might reasonably be expected.

We do not know whether this new law is yet observed in all our prisons and penitentiaries, but trust, if it is not, the wardens and superintendents will take the necessary steps to carry it into active operation.

The Richmond Whig, in commenting on the message of Davis, says:—"We are two people from this time forward. We are aware that the Yankees are determined not to quit us, happen what may. If they cannot conquer us, their calculation is that they will be conquered by us, and they have made up their minds to submit tamely to their fate. Well, if we must, we must—though we shall have a great aversion to the task. Our choice is, that after drubbing them soundly and making them pay the expense of the war, to turn them loose upon themselves, a prey to their own vile passions."

Our "calculation" is, after drubbing the rebels soundly, and making them pay the expense of the war, to make them behave themselves like sensible men afterwards.

If we should not be able to thrash them *thoroughly*—a very unlikely supposition by the way—we shall thrash them as soundly as we can, and then let them go to perdition their own road. Thrashing them *thoroughly* is an absolutely necessary process, before ever trying to live with them in one family again. They must be made to know that Uncle Sam has a big stick for bad boys, as well as sugar plums for good ones.

Pensacola and Fort Pickens.—The southern accounts of the recent attack upon Gen. Bragg at Pensacola by Col. Brown, of Fort Pickens, are so scanty, that there is reason to suppose the rebels came out decidedly second best.

It is admitted that the village of Warrington was burnt by the hot shot from the fort, and it is probable that the Navy Yard shared the same fate. The rebels claim that the fire from Fort McRae had injured the U. S. frigates Niagara and Colorado so much as to compel them to draw off. The bombardment commenced on the 22d, and continued at least two days—perhaps much longer.—Gen. Bragg has demanded reinforcements. We must wait patiently to know the whole truth, good and bad, until we have advices by sea.

Rather Plain Speaking.—We see it stated that the editor of the London Morning Star recently received the following note from Mr. Charles Reade, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth:"

(Private.) Oct 28.

"The Cloister and the Hearth."

A copy of this popular work having been sent to the Morning Star for review, advertisements will be suspended until it shall have received the usual notice. "C. R."

That is, notice my book, or I stop advertising. As Mr. Reade calls it his "*popular* work," it seems fair to infer that he wished it noticed favorably. This proceeding does not raise Mr. Charles Reade in our opinion.

It was stated in some papers that Secretary Chase was present at the late grand review. This is an error, as neither he nor his assistants have left their duties to attend reviews since the outbreak of the war.

The above appears in the Washington correspondence of the Associated Press, and looks a little like a compliment "over the left" to certain of the Cabinet officers. Mr. Chase does deserve the credit of minding his business, and attending to the duties of his important department in a manner that probably has not been surpassed by any Secretary of the Treasury since the days of Alexander Hamilton.

☞ We would suggest that a good name for the rebel vessels engaged in plundering our commerce, is *privateer*. This being suggestive of a cross between the regular red-flag pirate, and the properly commissioned private vessel of war or privateer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

East Lynne. By the author of "The Heir to Ashley," "The Earl's Secret," "The Red Court Farm," &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

The readers of the tales of Mrs. Wood, which have at various times appeared in The Post, will doubtless be pleased to hear her novels are being re-published in this country by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald; "East Lynne" being the first of the series.

The unimpeachable morality of these works, and the intricacy and interest of their plots, will render them a welcome addition to the novel reader's library.

Mrs. Wood first became known to us five or six years ago by her powerful story of "Red Court Farm," which was re-published in The Post, and in other periodicals, attracting much attention at the time. "The Six Gray Powders,"—the same novel, we presume, which is announced as forthcoming under the title of "Gervaise Castonel," was also widely re-printed—the name of the author not being at that time given to the public.

A strong vein of tragedy runs through nearly all of these works. Secret crime, its workings upon the guilty mind, and its final detection through some singular chain of events, are frequently occurring elements in their interest. In "East Lynne," the mysterious murder of Halltjohn, and the final proof of the innocence of Richard Hare, so long falsely accused as the author of the crime, are important adjuncts of the story, and display a correct and sincerity are duties, is the first false step which often leads to the deepest wrong and wretchedness.

We are pleased to see that Mrs. Wood's works are attracting so much attention both in England and on the Continent, an attention which their great merit well entitles them to.

Tuckett's Monthly Insurance Journal.—This journal, which is said to be the oldest insurance publication in the country, is now owned by Mr. James McIver, who formerly published a daily paper in Utica, New York. He is a native of Philadelphia, however, and from his experience as editor of the New York Insurance Monitor, doubtless will fully sustain the reputation of Tuckett's Journal. Mr. McIver is said to be well versed in the principles, and familiar with the details of the insurance business.

THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

Up the hill hurry me not,
Down the hill worry me not,
In the barn forget me not.
Up hill bear me,
Down hill spare me.
On the plain spare me not,
Give me no water when I am hot.

☞ "I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a cockney on board a steamer lying-to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight overhead now," said the cockney. "Oh, yes," replied the captain, "but we don't want to go that way."

☞ It is laid down in the books that one gun in battery on land should be a match for thirty guns on board ship; in this case, Commodore Dupont, at Port Royal, opposed but one hundred and fifty-five guns on the sixteen vessels engaged to the forty-three guns of the forts. According to this rule, in order to make a fair fight he should have had a fleet of no less than one thousand two hundred and ninety guns—more than eight times as many as he actually had.

☞ A "gent" was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife? One, he said, that wasn't prodi-*gal*, but fru-*gal*, a true-*gal*, and suited to his conju-*gal* taste.

☞ Gent on horseback: "Get out of the way, boy, get out of the way. My horse don't like donkeys!" Boy:—"Doan't he? Then why doan't he kick you off?"

☞ He's a wise man who, when he is well off, can keep so.

☞ Spurgeon is called the Barnum of the Gospel by the London Spectator.

☞ "Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsey. "Yes, I should think he was," replied Aunt B., "as everybody says he's the meanest man in town."

☞ A Fact for the Philosophical.—A young man of our acquaintance, who is paying his addresses to a lady love, stayed so late a few evenings since, that the family were compelled to whitewash the wall the next morning, to obliterate his shadow!

☞ "A man who'll maliciously set fire to a barn," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to do it." Slow is very severe sometimes.

☞ Barnum is said to be on the track of "the only white man, and he drunk," whom Uncle Sam's boys found in Beaufort.

☞ A Tall Man.—They have a man out west so tall that he lets himself out at camp meetings for a steeple.

☞ A Good Idea.—In Connecticut they find a use for almost everything. An old lady in that state is collecting all the *daily* newspapers she can lay her hands on, to make soap of. She says "they are a despot sight better than ashes—they are as good as clear *lie*."

☞ Ignorance.—"I know well enough," said a fellow, "where fresh fish comes from, but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PREMIUM FOR 1862.

A LITERARY AND NEWS PAPER!

STORIES, SKETCHES, WAR NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

Those wishing to economize in these war times, cannot, we think, do better than to subscribe for that "oldest and best of the weeklies," THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. For the small price of *two dollars* a year, (down to *one dollar*, in clubs,) a paper is sent, containing a summary of all the

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK,

at the same time that ample space is devoted to STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, CHOICE RECEIPTS, AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS, POETRY, HUMOROUS ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, &c.

We design commencing the new year with a story from the talented pen which has heretofore afforded our readers so much pleasure. The new story will be called

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT;

OR,

A LIFE'S SECRET.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "The Mystery," "Danesbury House," "The Earl's Daughters," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

We also announce an admirable PREMIUM for these war times,

A LARGE COLORED MAP
OF THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES.

THIS MAP IS FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

It comprises all the Slaveholding States: the States are in different colors: the Counties, Towns, Villages, Harbors, Rivers and Forts are given: the Railroads, their stations and distances, are also laid down: the whole Map being compiled from the latest government and other reliable sources. The importance of this Map, in enabling the reader of the War News to understand all land or sea movements in the Southern States, need not be enlarged upon. Without a Map, and a good one, the War News must be more or less unintelligible to the reader. The Map is, as we have said, *four feet in length by three feet in breadth!* EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THESE MAPS—AND ONE OF THEM WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO THE POST, ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE COMING YEAR. TO TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE COUNTRY, THEY WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, UPON RECEIPT OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS, (*the postage being prepaid by us!*)

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THE INEVITABLE PIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The newspapers and statistical reports furnish us with some idea of the hundreds destroyed annually by burning fluid, and occasionally a brave reformer attempts to prove the thousands slain by saleratus, but who shall tell of the tens of thousands that succumb physically and mentally to that great American institution, the pie? Travellers say that beefsteak is our national dish, but they are mere surface observers, and beef steak must hide its diminished head before the yet more omnipresent pie. The pie in question is not the one that you and I love, whose paste of puffy crispness, light as air, graces the thanksgiving board, forming a halo around the golden pumpkin or crimson cranberries; nor is it that which at Christmas time, we fill with a conglomeration of everything good that may be had at grocery stores, and call mince pie. These, indeed, may not be wholesome food, but they are innocent compared to the pie that we are trying to depict. The pie that we meet with at country taverns, in the early summer, filled with hard sour cherries and an infinitesimal amount of sugar or—with a curdy mixture, horrible to contemplate, called cheese-cake. The pie, which the farmer's wife constructs upon economical principles, in which the attraction of cohesion is the leading principle, and to cut which requires a blade, sharp as that wielded by the Sultan Saladin, when he severed the silken cushion at a stroke. Such a pie is the piece de resistance at thousands of tables in our land.

You happen in upon a country family at meal time. There sits the mother behind—not the coffee urn of romance—but the steaming tin boiler of every-day life. Opposite is her especial lord of creation with two yards of sausage before him, to which the hearty boys and girls who line the table's sides, do ample justice. The four pies are biding their time in their respective corners, while the twelve saucers, more or less, of preserves and pickles are interspersed among the other viands, lest the groaning table should be disgraced by showing an inch of vacant space.

"Sit up and take sich as we've got," is the hospitable invitation of the mistress, and when you excuse yourself on the plea of having dined late, she says, "well, anyhow you'll have a piece of pie," and forthwith cuts you a quarter of one, notwithstanding your serious remonstrances.

You think of that three days' headache that you have just escaped from, and see visions of a blue day to-morrow, but there is no use trying to shirk the pie; it is your destiny and must be accepted as such.

Said an affectionate mother, of whom we inquired concerning her son in the army—a wretched dyspeptic, who had volunteered because he was of no use at home:—"Oh, Philip's first-rate—writes that he never was as well in his life, but he finds the rations pretty hard, for he always had a delicate stomach, and couldn't eat much but pies and the like." Poor mother! She little thought that when her son went within the range of secession bullets, he escaped a surer destruction, at her kindly hands.

We know an excellent minister, whose piety could not stand the test of these sugar-coated shafts of the Evil One—but who spent entire days, vainly trying to reconcile the doctrines of election and free grace, and before whom the sins of his youth arose, forming as solid a wall between him and happiness as the crust of the pot-pie, that was responsible for his spiritual difficulties.

It is a very humiliating fact that these great souls of ours, can be dilated or depressed like a child's whistling balloon, by such trifles, but since it is so, let us not trammel them with this grievous weight of pie. Let us imitate the one English virtue worthy of imitation—the taking care of our stomachs, and thereby secure a happy temper, a sweet breath, and a clear complexion.

HESTER ALLISON.

THE SEMICOLON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I perceive in last Saturday's paper, that you have inserted the following statement—"Hakluyt's voyages, printed in 1599, contains the first instance of the semicolon as a punctuation mark." This must be erroneous, inasmuch as I have in my possession a book printed at Oxford in 1585, by Joseph Barnes, printer to the University—a regular old black letter book—the title to the work is "the true difference between Christian Subjection and Unchristian Rebellion." The work is written by Thomas Bilson, Warden of Winchester, and is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. In this work the semicolon is found in several places as a punctuation mark. Yours respectfully,

Green Bay. John Last.

Tybee Island Taken.—Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, on or about the 23d ult., was taken and occupied by our southern fleet. The Flag, Pocahontas, and Seneca fired a few shells on the island, and then, their guns not being re-loaded, landed marines and took it. The taking of this island is significant of a demonstration upon Savannah. It is at the mouth of the Savannah river, and just above it, on another and a smaller island, is Fort Pulaski, which commands the mouth. It may be that the nature of the land will admit of an attack upon the fort from batteries on shore, should it be proposed to assault it on the seaward side. The lighthouse is on Tybee Island.

Despatches have been received at the Navy Department, from flag officer Dupont, dated Port Royal, the 28th, giving the gratifying intelligence that the flag of the United States is flying over the territory of the state of Georgia.

Tybee Island (which, he says, is within easy mortar distance of Fort Pulaski) has been taken possession of, and the approaches to Savannah completely cut off. On the island is a strong martello tower, with a battery at its base.

☞ A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him he is sure to talk it to her.

Burning Slaves.—The *Philadelphia Inquirer* publishes a letter received by a lady of this city from a relative in Charleston, S. C. The letter is dated the 23d, and says they are in constant apprehensions of the slaves rising. The following is horrible:—

Much as I miss your society, and as keenly as I feel our long separation, I had rather know you shared the humblest cottage in the north in safety, than see you mistress of a palace with such danger threatening you.

Do not think our apprehension is expressed. When the difficulties began, we looked daily for some uprising among the slaves.—No general insurrection has taken place, though several revolts have been attempted; two quite recently, and in these cases whole families were murdered before the slaves were subdued. Then came retaliation of the most fearful character. At any time where servants assail or murder white persons, speedy and severe punishment is administered; but now they do not wait for the action of the law; Lynch law prevails. In these revolts which occurred in the interior of the state, most of the servants who participated were either shot in the conflict, or as soon as captured, and two of them were burned to death.

To say *they were burned to death* seems a simple sentence, devoid of any special horror; but the scene, as described to me by a witness, was too dreadful for mortal eyes.—Imagine the poor wretches, with the hot blood of their masters, cowering in the hands of those from whom they need not look for pity; not even for time to repent of deeds which exclude them from hope hereafter.—They are dragged and defiant towards their captors, until their doom is pronounced—a fate of which they have a special horror.—Dragged to the place of execution, within sight of their own houses, surrounded by their fellow servants, who are compelled to witness the sight, they are bound to strong trees, with great heaps of pine knots piled close around their persons. Directly the torch is applied, and the inflammable pine bursts into a vivid flame. When the blaze reaches the bodies, and the sensitive flesh pools and crackles, their cries are too fearful to be heard by human ears. Nor is the torment soon over. The flames scorch the upper part of the bodies, producing exquisite agony, but slowly burn into the vitals, until the wretched sufferers go to judgment with all their crimes upon their heads.

Do you wonder I am shocked? Suppose it had been Nelly, or Andrew, or Hiram, to whom we are so strongly attached? Yet these tortured criminals were favorite household servants of unusual intelligence. I ought not to tell you of those terrible things, but they haunt my memory so I cannot refrain. Thank Heaven, you are safe!

I undertook to say the apprehension of servile insurrection lost its power when, as time passed, all seemed peaceful; so we easily fell back into dreams of security until these events aroused us to watchfulness. *This news is suppressed as far as possible, and kept entirely from the papers*, for the negroes hear what is published if they do not read it, and such examples might produce disastrous consequences.

Uniforms Manufactured Abroad.—The American Government has had made, a Paris correspondent says, at the great military establishment of Alexis Godillot, is that city, ten thousand uniforms, with tents and camp equipage complete, even to the tent sticks and frying-pans. The uniforms are all of the model of the "*Chasseurs-a Pied*" of the French army, the smartest, easiest, and most jaunty dress in the French service. Early in the spring, M. Godillot had sent to Washington a copy of his large book of uniforms and military outfits, and the order was made by General Meigs, of the Quartermaster's Department. They have all left for home, and will be delivered at Washington cheaper than they can be made in the United States. It is understood that they were intended partly as a model.

The Spanish Programme in Mexico.—Those who profess to be well acquainted with the Spanish programme say that to Gen. Marquez is entrusted the duty of combining the strength of the church party, (consisting of both Mexicans and Spaniards,) who will pray for most Catholic Majesty for a king for the throne of Mexico, now sought to be constructed. For this office an uncle of the Queen has been designated. As he is already an old man, he would, in the natural course of events, die in a short time, and as no provision would be made for a successor, Mexico would thus revert to Spain—the policy being similar to that pursued towards Egypt. Such is the substance of letters received from both Europe and Mexico.

☞ When a woman intends to give a man the mitten, she begins by knitting her brows.

☞ Satan is a subtle individual, but the army trader is a sutler.

☞ Look Out for Your Front Teeth.—A German journal speaks of a young sutleress who has distinguished herself in the literary world. She is called the Baroness de Clokekrakerstocae Pickalkrenken.

☞ A new sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners, and repair family breaches, is much needed.

☞ "All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

☞ "I will take a bite, too," as the wolf said, when he came across a man eating his dinner in the woods.

☞ To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

"Oh, spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair!"

A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.

"Twere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer.
"So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

☞ McDonald Clark has four lines that are worth remembering:

And then her little pouting lips,
Two roses on a maiden stem,
How many sad and secret trips
Will memory take to visit them?

☞ Complimentary.—"By George! I must shoot you; I made a vow that I would kill any man uglier than myself."

"Fire away, stranger; if I'm uglier than you I don't want to live."

☞ Autumn Livery.—Howitt says:—"What is called the *fading* of the leaf ought rather to be called the *kindling* of the leaf."

☞ Living on Small Means.—For breakfast, eat three cents' worth of dried apples, without drink. For dinner, drink a quart of water to swell the apples. Take tea with a friend.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

Advices from Missouri say that the rebel army, some 15,000 strong, since the evacuation of Springfield, was moving in three divisions. The right wing, 6,000 strong, under McBride, is resting at Stockton. The left, under Rains, 4,000 men, resting near Nevada, and the centre, under Price, 5,000 men, was at or near Monteville. Price intended to march into Kansas, and operate there. Gen. Lane was at Fort Scott, with 5,000 men, but Price intended to evade him. McCulloch had been ordered to follow Price, but refused, and was going into winter quarters in Arkansas.

The country between Lexington and Independence is said to be deserted, the men having gone off with the rebel army. Jamieson's Kansas men were laying waste the country in Jackson county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rumor. General Price has issued a long proclamation to the people of Missouri. It is issued from Neosho, but bears no date.

Louisville papers say that Zollicoffer was at Monticello, Wayne county, with 7,000 rebels, a day or two since.

Later accounts, through rebel sources, give the particulars of the capture of the forts, of the attack on Fort Pickens. The official account from Colonel Brown will no doubt throw more light on the affair than do the rebel accounts.

The Ocean Queen has arrived at New York from Port Royal, which place she left on the 27th ult. She brings a small mail. The steamer Bienville had arrived at that port. Commodore Dupont had transferred his flag to the Susquehanna. The other gunboats are at anchor off Tybee island to cover our troops. The rebels had sunk two vessels in the narrow channel of the Savannah river, between Tybee Island and Fort Pulaski.

A schooner had been found on one of the islands above Hilton Head for a load of cotton. Beaufort was still unoccupied, but two gunboats were anchored off the town, which was visited daily by our officers. The health of the troops was good.

Rebel accounts confirm the advices of the taking of Tybee, and report that Tatnall had gone down with his fleet to drive off the United States forces.

A Washington dispatch says that the ports on the eastern shore of Virginia are to be immediately opened to commerce.

The Fifty-Seventh and Sixty-First New York regiments made a reconnoissance from Springfield, Va., on Thursday towards Manassas, and discovered about 8,000 rebels. They then retired, and regained their starting point without casualties.

New York, Nov. 30.—Capt. Gordon, of the slaver Erie, has been sentenced to death.

Marshal Kane has been released from Fort Warren for three weeks, on parole. He goes to attend the funeral of his father-in-law.

A letter from Paramaribo, dated Oct. 17, says that the pirate Sumter was near or on an island about thirty miles to the windward of Caracas. The crew were cruising about in their boats.

Information has been received of the seizure, on the northeastern coast, of a Canadian steamer laden with 10,000 muskets, and with caps, powder and other contraband articles. This steamer cleared from Canada, and was consigned to parties in the southern states.

A steam fire department is about to be organized at Washington. One engine is to come from New York and one from Philadelphia.

Hon. George Chalwell, the Union candidate for Mayor of Norwalk, Conn., has been re-elected.

☞ The New York Herald, in giving a biographical sketch of Major "*Stevens*," of Fremont's Body Guard, describes him as "a young man of about thirty, six feet in height, of very fine proportions, and very handsome." The Major, who is not more than five feet four, and only tolerably good looking, will hardly recognize himself.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

☞ A man in love may be likened to a fly in a spider's web, entangled by one of the most fragile substances, yet the most difficult from which to escape.

☞ The Providence Journal is responsible for the following cruel paragraph:—"An irruption of Yankees is threatened at Beaufort. The first these South Carolinians will know, the town will be laid out in corner lots, Seward street crossing Lincoln avenue, and both bordering on Cameron square.—There will be a newspaper, and a patent medicine store, and a steam ferry, and Henry Ward Beecher will be advertised to give a lecture on the relations of freedom and slavery to civilization."

☞ A Close Imitation.—Imitation garden seeds are made of box-wood in Connecticut. Some of them are so nicely disguised as to take root in the earth and grow.

☞ To Save Butter.—Make it so salt that nobody can eat it.—*Boarding House Receipt.*

☞ Some graceless scamp has presumed to say that "it is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be re-dressed." The fellow ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea, or to a sewing circle.

☞ Feeling.—Mary—"I seems cruel to kill so many animals for their fur—thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us!"

Emily—"Yes, it is cruel. Why didn't the monsters take their skins off *without killing them?*"

☞ Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness or coquetry, they reject, and then repent; they should be careful not to take this step too hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

☞ War is never allowable except to secure liberty, and to enable us to live in peace.

☞ Curious.—The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

☞ For our soldiers to handle their muskets with benumbed fingers will be unpleasant. Every lady should see to it that she gives at least one soldier "the mitten."

☞ We reason a good deal as we eat—more from necessity than knowledge.

☞ "Your behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all," said he, "I will soon make it plural."

☞ A man in Albany advertises a patent to keep eggs from spoiling. To eat them while fresh is a pretty good way.

WORKING FOR GOD.

[The following poem is found in a Roman Catholic work containing all the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal:]

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greater ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

HOW THE O'DONNELLS FIRST WENT TO SPAIN.

A Celtic Legend of Magic and Witchcraft.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was greatly astonished, upon awakening the next morning, to discover he was lying on a bed of straw, in a little out-house composed of white stones. (That out-house is still standing; I covered it with a new roof last year, and I keep six pigs in it this minute—the real 'Cannock-and-white' breed, and well worth six pounds a-piece at any fair or market in the country.) He looked about him, and he could not at first understand what had brought him there, or how he could ever have been carried inside it, for it did not seem to be half large enough or long enough for a man of his size.

"'This is no place for one of the O'Donnels to be stopping in,' said Phelim to himself, as he stood up, and attempted to walk to the door; when, to his great horror, he discovered that he must stumble and break his neck if he did not fall upon his hands to steady himself.

"'Ah, then, what in the world is the matter with me at all, at all?' cried Phelim; 'I do not seem to have the right use of my feet, and I feel it far more convenient to walk on my hands than to have them, as I used to do, dangling in the air. Lord preserve me! I am beginning to be afraid I am bewitched.'

"Phelim's thoughts were interrupted by the clucking of a hen and the gobbling of a duck.

"'By Gogutie! if it isn't mad I am becoming,' said Phelim; 'I think I can understand every word the fowls outside are speaking to one another. There is no harm in listening, at all events.'

"'There is something strange,' (so Phelim understood an old duck to say to a hen outside.) 'There is something very strange indeed going on in this place for the last two days, Mrs. Dorking. During all that time I have not once seen the young mistress. I wonder what has become of her. She used to feed us as regular as clock-work, and I feel as hungry as a hawk this morning.'

"'I can tell you all about the young mistress,' so Phelim understood the old hen to say to the duck. 'I missed her at feeding-time as well as you, and I fluttered up-stairs to look for her. During the last two days she has been sleeping as sound as a top in her own bed.'

"'Why, then, Mrs. Dorking, isn't it a burning shame for a young girl like that to be so lazy? Surely she might as well get up and feed us, and then go to bed again, if she chose,' said the duck, in a very angry manner.

"'But what do you say, Mrs. Muscovy,' replied the hen, 'if the poor young lady could not help it?'

"'And why couldn't she help it, and I starving?' asked the duck.

"'Because she was bewitched,' answered the hen.

"'Bewitched! Ah! who could be so cruel as to bewitch such a good young creature as that?' asked the duck.

"'I cannot say for certain,' replied the hen; 'but my belief is, the person who did it was her own grandmother; and I am sorry to say that I fear the young lady is not the only one she has so treated; for, last night, just as I was going to roost, I observed Mother Olliffe carrying a beautiful yellow goat with a red beard in her arms into that out-house there, and that yellow goat, I strongly suspect, is some Christian that is bewitched.'

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell trembled with terror when he heard these words pronounced. He looked down at his hands; they were no longer visible; both were covered over with yellow horn-hoofs. His yellow sleeves were changed into yellow hair, and in his agony he shrieked aloud, and terrified himself by the doleful *Mah!* that issued from his lips.

"The knees of Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell beat beneath him, and he sank upon his side in the midst of the straw, for he felt as if his heart was breaking with grief, horror and despair.

"When things are at the worst they must mend. So it is with everybody, and so it was with Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell; for at that instant, when he thought that the pleasures of life had forever departed from him, he heard, and his heart jumped for joy at the sound, the voice of his beloved Aileen calling all the barn-door fowl around her.

"There was a frightful clamor in the farm-yard for at least ten minutes. The pigs were grunting, the dogs barking, the geese and the ducks gobbling, the hens cackling, and the little chickens chirping all at once and together. At length they all began feeding, and there was comparative silence amongst them.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell took advantage of this repose, and he gave forth a loud, vehement, and impatient 'Mah!'

"What! a goat in the out-house!' exclaimed Aileen; 'I must see it.'

"And as she spoke, the door was opened by her, and Phelim rushed out and went down on his two front legs before her.

"'Oh, what a lovely animal, and so tame, too! On its knees before me—I never saw the like of it!' cried Aileen. 'A yellow haired goat, too, with a red beard. It reminds me of my beloved hero, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, in his yellow jacket and red sash. Oh, my charming, darling goat, I must kiss you!'

"And as Aileen said these words, she caught the goat by his red beard, and, raising up its head, kissed it on the mouth.

"She was astonished to see the goat rising on its hind legs, and capering round the yard, to the fear and terror of all the ducks and hens that were the mothers of chickens and ducklings.

"'Oh, you dear and sensible darling!' cried the delighted Aileen, 'a person would fancy you could understand every word I say to you.'

"The yellow goat nodded its head.

"'You really can! Is it possible?' said Aileen to the goat.

"The yellow goat again nodded its head.

"'Very well—if you can, when you mean to say "Yes," nod your head; and when you want to say "No," shake it.'

"The yellow goat first nodded its head, and then shook it.

"'Oh, grandmother!' cried Aileen to Moyra Olliffe (who entered the farm-yard at this moment), 'where did you get this beautiful goat? I never saw anything to equal it.'

"Old Moyra Olliffe had not time to answer the question; for the moment the goat saw the old witch he ran at her, and gave her a puck with his two horns, such as she never had in her life before, for it sent her head over heels three times running, and at last landed her into the pig-trough, where those animals were at that moment feeding, and they, in their rage, all began biting her.

"Aileen, terrified at the danger to which her grandmother was exposed, ran and dragged her out of the pig-trough, and then, looking round, exclaimed:

"'Alas! the beautiful yellow goat has run away from us!'

"'And well for him he did so!' replied the infuriated Moyra Olliffe, 'or my knife would on the instant be in his throat. Let him not come next or nigh me again, or I'll massacre him!'

CHAPTER IV.

"Aileen was equally delighted and astonished upon passing outside the bounds of Rahar on the high road, to find the goat was there, and seemingly waiting for her. It nodded with its head for her to follow, and then trotted off towards the stream of the Black water, to the very spot where the young lovers had first seen each other.

"'My heart misgives me about this same yellow goat with the red beard,' sighed Aileen, when she saw it stop and lie down on the very mound of green grass where Phelim had been standing three days before. 'Oh, my poor heart is beating with anxiety! I know well—for I feel it in the dizziness of my head—that my grandmother has been playing some of her roguish tricks on me; and I fear—oh, how I do fear!—upon *him* also. But, God is good! and one thing is certain, the yellow goat has shown such a hatred of the old witch, that it must love truth and goodness for their own sake. Well, my poor goat,' said Aileen, coming up to it, and putting a snow-white arm round its yellow neck, 'do you know the bravest, finest, handsomest and best young man in all Ireland?'

"The goat looked at her, as if it did not comprehend what she meant.

"'Do you know, in other words,' said Aileen, 'my own darling intended husband, the valiant hero, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Do you know where he is this minute?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Could you show him to me?'

"The goat nodded.

"'Show him to me.'

"The goat walked over the stream, and looked into it.

"Aileen followed, and, gazing into the stream, beheld the yellow face and red beard of the goat.

"'And you mean to say that *you*, my poor yellow goat, are really, truly, actually and bodily, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell himself?'

"The goat nodded, and again bent his knees before her.

"'Oh! wirra strue! Oh! wirra strue!' exclaimed Aileen, bursting into tears, and seating herself on the grass by the side of the goat, and wiping her dazzling, bright blue eyes with its red beard. 'And is this the way that our hopeful and happy marriage is to end? Oh! wirra strue! and wirra strue! for ever and ever, amen! What is the use of being young, and brave, and fair, and good, if all can be marred and spoiled by a horrid, old, ugly, and unbelieving witch, who is to have the power of changing a handsome young Christian knight and gentleman into a contemptible yellow goat, with a red beard? Oh! wirra strue! wirra strue! and wirra strue, over and over again! Oh! wirra! wirra!'

"The lamentations of Aileen were interrupted by the angry voice of the parish priest of Park, who exclaimed, as he looked down from the wall of the churchyard:

"'Ah! then will you ever stop with your yowling down there? How is a poor priest ever to get through with his breviary, if you are to be interrupting him in his prayers with your complaining against the ways of Providence? Hould your whisht! young woman, or tell me, in as few words as you can, what is the matter with you?'

"Aileen told her story.

"'Here,' said the parish priest, leaning over the churchyard wall, 'here are the beads blessed by myself. Tie them round your true lover's neck, like a collar, and neither witch nor wizzard can do him any personal harm. Let him be off to sea at once, if he wishes to be restored to his former face and figure. They can never be recovered until he is two hundred miles away from the coast of Ireland. The sooner he is far from the country the better for the two of you; as that old woman will never forgive him the fine puck he had out of her. Away! children, and my blessing be upon you! but never come to this spot again, either to be moithering me with your moans, or distracting me in my devotions, by your amorous ditties.'

"With these words the parish priest disappeared behind the wall of his churchyard.

"'What that saintly man says is the truth,' observed Aileen. 'My old, vicious grandmother is, I am sure, plotting to do you or me, and perhaps both, a new mischief. You have not a minute to spare to get out of the country. Run, my darling, now, as if there was a process-server at your heels; and never cry "Stop," until you are on board the Granvaile. Hurry, hurry from my sight. If I had to wait twenty long years for you, you will find me as true as steel to my first and only love. One kiss more, and be off with yourself.'

"Again she kissed the goat; it kicked up its hind heels with delight, and ran as fast as if it was at a fox-chase along this road, and when it was hurrying by the spot at which we are now sitting, it was observed by Moyra Olliffe, who was looking out of her bedroom window at Rahar up there, whilst she was putting a plaister on her nose, where one of her own pigs had bitten her when she was struggling in the trough.

"'This is Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell running away to get on board the ship in Waterford!' said she to herself. 'Oh! by the invincible hammer of the immortal Thor, he shall not get out of my clutches so easy as he thinks. I will be hot foot after him, as fast as a broomstick can fly with me, so soon as I have rubbed in a few ointments and changed my face and figure into the likeness of a Mother-Abbess.'

"Poor Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell ran so hard that he was hardly able to draw a breath as he crossed the plank that led from the Quay at Waterford on board the Granvaile. As he stepped on deck he heard the heavy tramp of the witch's foot at the other end of the plank, following him. He instantly ran and hid behind the captain, who was astonished to see a strange goat making so free with him.

"'That yellow goat is mine, and I call upon you, Captain Joseph O'Leary, to deliver him up to me,' said Moyra Olliffe.

"'And who may you be yourself, that knows my name so well?' asked the captain.

"'You see what I am—by the way I am clothed,' answered Moyra.

"'I see that you appear to be a Mother-Abbess, but few in this world are as good as they appear to be,' observed the captain, who was a very wise and devout old man. 'I asked you before, what is your name, and you never answered me. I now ask you the same question a second time. What is your name? What Order do you belong to? And where are you established in community?'

"'My name,' replied Moyra, 'is Mother Olivia, my Order is that of the Fly-by-nights, and my community is established at the White House of Rahar, in the county of Kilkenny.'

"'I have never heard of you nor your Order before,' answered the captain.

"'That is no reason why you should refuse to restore to me my property,' replied Moyra.

"'That's the truth, sure enough,' remarked the captain. 'If the goat is your property, you ought to have it. But how am I to know it is yours. Tell us every particular about it.'

"'To be sure I can,' replied Moyra, quite confidently, and certain now she was on the point of succeeding. 'It is a yellow goat—as yellow as flax, and it has a red beard.'

"'Everyone can see that as well as yourself,' said the captain, looking down at the goat, and observing what was on his neck. 'Is there nothing else strange and outlandish about it, such as is never seen with a common goat?'

"'Yes—there is,' replied Moyra, 'it is a very sensible goat—it knows every word you say to it—and if I was not on the watch with a long knife, it would puck the life out of me.'

"'Oh! ho!' said the captain, 'a very sensible goat that would puck the life out of you. By Dad! Mother Olivia, there is some mystery here I cannot understand. I now ask you again if there is not something particular about your goat, which ought to distinguish it from every other? Think twice before you answer me.'

"'No,' answered Moyra, 'there is nothing else that I know of.'

"'Well then the goat cannot be yours, or you would know there are holy beads tied about its neck,' answered the captain.

"'And who put such horrid things about my goat's neck?' asked Moyra, trembling with rage and fear when she heard the name of 'the beads' mentioned.

"'And so, you shocking, inhuman old woman, you come on board my ship, dressed up as a Mother-Abbess, and yet in the hearing of all my Christian crew you have the audacity to call the blessed beads "horrid things." Seize her, boys, tie her two hands and legs together, until my mate, Peter Devine, examines her in her theology. If she cannot answer the few learned questions he will put to her, she must have sold herself to the devil, and as sure as my name is Joseph O'Leary, over she goes, into the river Suir, to sink as a Mother-Abbess, or to swim as a witch. Come here, Peter Devine, this minute, and examine this old dame who says she is a Mother-Abbess.'

"'I will be with you the moment I have mixed my third tumbler of punch,' answered Peter Devine, from the cabin below.

"The orders of the captain were obeyed.—The witch's hands and legs were tied together, and she was placed at the ship's side in such a position that she might, by a single push, be dashed into the river below, in case she failed in her examination by the mate, Peter Devine.

"Whilst the crew were arranging Moyra Olliffe, the yellow goat was seen skipping around the deck on its hind legs, and every time it came in front of the captain, bowing down its head before him. It was engaged in these antics when Peter Devine, a man with a face as red as scarlet, and who seemed to be heated with punch-drinking, ascended upon deck, carrying a fowling piece in his hand. He watched the goat for a few minutes, and then said:

"'That is no goat, but a Christian gentleman, and as such he has been recognized before now by some clergyman, who has put his beads round its neck. Is it not the truth I am telling?' said Peter Devine, directly addressing himself to the goat.

"The goat nodded its head.

"'And yet that old woman, who says she is a Mother-Abbess, claimed the goat as her property,' observed the captain.

"'I am as much a Mother-Abbess as that worn-out remnant of an ill-spent life,' remarked Peter Devine; 'and I am sure I am a better Christian, for she does not look to me, as if she had ever been inside a place of worship in all her born-days.'

"'Examine her in her theology,' said the captain.

"'To be sure I will. Come, now, old lady!' said Peter Devine. 'Understand what I am about. I am going to ask you three questions—three of the easiest questions in Ecclesiastical History I can think of; and if you can answer any one of them, you may return to the shore in safety. If not, the first failure will be followed by a little push, the second failure by the same, and the third by a ducking, such as you never had before, and never will again. Are you ready?'

"'Go on, you Irish thieves and murderers,' replied Moyra, as stout as a lion. 'You have made up your minds to steal away my goat, and to secure it you think nothing of robbing me of my life.

"'I am a holy and pious Christian,' meekly answered Peter Devine, 'and I don't care three jack straws about being abused by a woman, and I mind it the less, when the woman that is scolding me happens to be both old and ugly. Now, then, my good lady —here is a question for you, that almost every child in Ireland can answer. My first question is—*What was the name of St. Patrick's grandfather's male gossip?*'

"The old woman remained silent.

"'Give her a tiny push, boys,' said Peter Devine. 'Well, now then, my old lady, for a second and easier question.—*What was the roof of the house made of, in which St. Bridget took shelter when she was a child, and was flying with all her family from the pursuit of the pagans?*'

"The old woman remained silent.

"'Give her another little push, boys!' said Peter Devine. 'And, now, for the third and last question, which is so simple I am almost ashamed to ask it:—*What was the name of the creek in Brittany at which St. Ronan landed when he fled out of Ireland, for fear the people would make a bishop of him?*'

"The old woman remained silent.

"'Oh, you old besom of destruction!' exclaimed the disgusted Peter Devine. 'Even supposing you were not a witch, you deserve to be drowned for your ignorance. Drive her neck and crop into the river! Away with her! There she goes! What a splash! That I may never swallow another hot tumbler, but the water is fizzing and bubbling about her as if instead of a woman, you had thrown a bar of red hot iron into the Suir.'

"'My curse!' shrieked Moyra Olliffe, as she rose to the surface, and was carried away by the rapid tide. 'My curse! and the curse of the Valkyries! and the curse of the Crows! on Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, and his intended wife, Aileen, and on Captain Joseph O'Leary, the scheming robber; and on punch-drinking Peter Devine, the hypocrite; and on all belonging to them!'

"'Look at her! look at her!' exclaimed the excited Peter Devine, 'she is floating on the stream as light, tight, and airy as a cork, and cursing like a Dublin Jackeen, as she swims away from us. And see! the ravens are gathering in the air over her, and wheeling round her, and ready the moment she gets to the bend of the river, out of the sight of Christians, to help her on to the land again. Isn't it lucky when I heard there was a suspicion of a witch being on board, that I brought up on deck with me my gun, loaded with a blessed silver bullet? Here is to have one crack at her. If she escapes *this*, there is no killing her.'

"As Peter Devine thus spoke, he took aim at the old witch as she floated away, with her mouth full of curses. He fired, and the ball hit the old woman in the very centre of her leathern magic girdle, and the moment it did so, she blew up into a thousand pieces, as if she was a barrel and her inside all filled with nothing but gunpowder! As the smoke cleared away, the ravens were seen descending, and carrying off in their beaks fragments of what appeared to be the clothing of the wicked witch, Moyra Olliffe!

"I am very near the end of my story. The ship Granvaile at once sailed down the Suir, and out to sea, and when it got two hundred miles and a quarter from the land, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell stood upon the deck in his yellow velvet cap, with the black plumes, in his tight-fitting yellow dress, and with his red sash around his waist. In obedience to his orders the ship returned to the port of Waterford; and in an hour afterwards, Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was riding up on his black horse to the white house yonder. In two hours afterwards, he and the beautiful Aileen were riding down the hill of Rahar on the same black horse; he in the saddle, and she on a pillion behind him; and in three hours afterwards they were married in the church at Park; and in four hours afterwards they were dining together as man and wife in the white house, and they had for their dinner a ham, two young chickens, boiled; and two young ducks, roasted; and the chickens belonged to the brood of Mrs. Dorking, and the ducks to Mrs. Muscovy—the same hen and the same duck, from whose conversation together Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell first learned the sad tidings that he had been, by the wicked witch's enchantments changed from a handsome young man into a yellow-haired goat.

"The young bride and bridegroom kept open house for all comers, gentle and simple, rich and poor, for a whole month together. No one was sent away empty-handed; all had rich presents given to them; and at the end of that time, the bride's fortune in diamonds, gold and silver, was carried off to Waterford, and from Waterford conveyed by the Granvaile to Cadiz. And it's little wonder that the descendants of one who brought such wealth to Spain should in our days be made a grandee. The surprise ought to be, that when the O'Donnells had such riches they were not saluted as 'grandees' on their landing.

"And yet the general belief in this part of Ireland, and it has been the same for centuries, is that much as was the wealth that O'Donnell and his young wife took to Spain with them, it was next to nothing to the riches that they left behind in the caves of Rahar, but that still remain hidden by enchantment. This I do know, that one of my reasons for taking—and I did so fifty years ago—a long lease of the white house at Rahar was the certainty that there was untold gold hidden in its caves. With that conviction on my mind, I began looking for it; but instead of seeking after the magic treasure in the darkness of night, I went, like a fool, searching for it by day-light—and, what was the consequence? One day I struck my pick-axe against a stone. Oh! how my heart beat, for I knew well what I was going to find—a chest of stone, shaped like a coffin. Just the very thing in which Moyra Olliffe hid the treasures of the Danes. I removed the stone —and there—instead of the diamonds, gold and silver, there was nothing but a heap of old bones and ashes! Ah! if I had found the same things after night-fall, instead of being, as I am now, a hard-working, humble farmer, I would be the richest squire in the country.

"There, sir, is my story. I am much obliged to you for listening to it. And now that you have heard it, you cannot be surprised at my taking a strong, and I may say personal interest in the history that has lately been circulating throughout Ireland, as to one of the Irish O'Donnells having been elevated to the dignity of a grandee of Spain.

"If you come up to Rahar any day, I will show you over all the caves that were made under the white house by the Danes. I wish I could also point out to you the places in which the murdering scoundrels hid their plunder, and then covered it over with charms, incantations and witchcraft, so that the eyes of a Christian are not able to recognize it."

☞ The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a sawmill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

A TIGER KILLED BY BABOONS.

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the North Lincoln Spaiyan, a regimental paper, published at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope. The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described:

Not long ago, I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish River, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home after a somewhat fatiguing day's buck shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds.

Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a small hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called in this country a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles) came in view, bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniacal sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us. Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their exhausted foe, though their exultant yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger, now fearfully exhausted, clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were still struggling in the water.

In a few moments all had passed from our sight behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home, we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death.—Sometimes the chase lasts for days; but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

MAN THE DESTROYER.

Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories.—Fancy what Europe would be now if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massive walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time and the tooth of Time. I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm; we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish —ourselves who consume—we are the mildew and the flames, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illume. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have not left one stone upon another, and restored it pathless to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries.—*Ruskin.*

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.—To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick chamber. At its threshold the more human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others he must put aside. He must enter that room a Calm Intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen, quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinctions in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill. Woe to the households in which the trusted healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ A Methodist brother had occasion to preach a discourse against the doctrine of immersion, but couldn't find the text, until, with great shrewdness he hit upon this:—"Beware of *dicers!*"—and strange doctrines."

A QUIET MOMENT.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Stay with me, lady, while you may!
For life's so sad—this hour's so sweet;
Ah, lady, life too long will stay;
Too soon this hour will fleet.

How fair this mountain's purple bust,
Alone in high and glimmering air!
And see,—those village spires, upthrust
From yon dark plain—how fair!

This blessed hour is yours and eve's;
And this is why it seems so sweet,
To lie, as hushed as fallen leaves
In autumn at your feet;

And watch, awhile released from care,
The twilight in you quiet skies,
The twilight in your quiet hair,
The twilight in your eyes:

Till in my soul the twilight stays,
Eve's twilight, since the dawn's in o'er!
And life's too well-known worthless days
Become unknown once more.

Your face is no uncommon face;
Like it I have seen many a one,
And may again before my race
Of care be wholly run.

But not the less those earnest brows,
And that pure oval cheek can charm;
Those eyes of tender, deep repose;
That bronze the heart keeps warm.

Because a sense of goodness sleeps
In every sober, soft brown tress,
That o'er those brows, uncared for, keeps
Its shadowy quietness:

Because that lip's soft silence shows,
Though passion it hath never known,
That well to kiss one kiss it knows—
A woman's holiest one!

Yours is the charm of calm good sense,
Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,
Of pity, touched with reverence,
To all things freely given.

Your face no sleepless midnight fills,
For all its serious sweet endeavor;
It plants no pang, no rapture thrills,
But, ah!—it pleases ever!

'Tis sweet, although we part to-morrow,
And ne'er the same shall meet again,
Awhile, from old habitual sorrow
To cease—to cease from pain.

To feel that, ages past, the soul
Hath lived—and ages hence will live;
And taste, in hours like this, the whole
Of all the years can give.

Then, lady, yet one moment stay,
While your sweet face makes all things sweet,
For ah! the charm will pass away
Before again we meet!

THE QUEER LODGER.

Emma and I did not exactly run away; it was not requisite, for nobody would have gone in chase; but we concluded a match of our own making, in spite of the good advice and evil prophecies of all our friends and relations. I was an under-clerk in Barclay's Bank, with a salary of eighty pounds a year. Emma had no fortune but herself; and it was enough for a better man. My home was with three maiden aunts, who required to know where my odd sixpences went; hers was with a step-mother and six step-sisters. We had waited for something to turn up, till both began to see that we were not growing younger; and after talking it over for some weeks, we came to the desperate resolution of facing poverty together. My aunts thought I should have waited ten or twelve years, and got into a better connection. Emma's step-mother found out that she might have had old Saunders, who was just retiring from business with fifty thousand and the gout; but our minds were made up. I went for the license. They all gave us their blessings, together with the comfortable assurance that we had nobody but ourselves to blame; and the business was done at Marylebone Church one Saturday morning.

Having advised and prophesied to no purpose, the relatives on both sides left us to our own resources. We had been genteely brought up. Emma's father was an artist, and mine had been a barrister. There was spirit enough between us to maintain a respectable appearance, and owe nobody anything, whatever the indoor deficiencies might be; so we took a house in Adelaide Place, St. John's Wood, furnished it with all the money I had saved, and made great endeavors to let our first-floor. All the acquaintances who called to see if we were not starving, were shown the drawing-rooms, back and front, with all their advantages of air and outlook. All the bank-clerks I knew where asked to come and see them; all the tradesmen with whom we dealt were advertised on the subject; and at last Mrs. Lesley—I mean my Emma—consented to put a card in the window. It remained there so long without any effect, that we were beginning to despair of a lodger. Adelaide Place, though quiet and genteel, was rather out of the way for men of business, and not frequented by single ladies in search of apartments. The first quarter's rent became due, and still our rooms remained empty. The second was drawing on, and my poor girl was thinking of doing without the charwoman who acted as our temporary servant, when one evening, towards the end of September, as I returned home from business, she met me with a joyful countenance, and the announcement that the drawing-room was let. A single gentleman had called that afternoon, liked the rooms, did not object to the rent, left a deposit, and was to take possession on the following evening.

"I'm sure he's a German, from his manner of speaking," said Emma. "He did not tell me where he had been lodging, nor why he wished to move so quickly; but the rooms have long been empty, and he looks respectable."

Highly respectable his two references assured us he was. One of them was a billbroker living near Capel Court, the other was an attorney in Chancery Lane, and both were very like Jews. He himself was not Hebraic, although unprepossessing. He was a thin man, and would have been tall but for a stoop, which seemed habitual to him. His face, his hair, his whiskers, and his moustaches—for he wore that continental ornament—were all of a whity-brown color; his features were, every one, large, except the eyes, which were small, keen, and cunning; and he had a slow, civil manner of talking and moving about. Though a German, he was our fellow-subject, being a native of Hanover—for my story takes place before the accession of her present Majesty. His name was George Neffer. His habits and dress were those of a well-to-do man; there was evidently no want of money troubling him, though he followed no business. His rent was punctually paid; he found very few faults, was easily served, kept no late hours, and was, on the whole, a first-rate specimen of the genus lodger.

I don't think letting a first-floor necessarily makes people curious, but it does afford them special opportunities of studying their neighbors' affairs. Emma and I had business enough of our own in the way of making both ends meet, and were inclined to mind it; but for the lives of us we could not help taking note of the gentleman in the drawing-room. He had no visitors, and got very few letters. He never went to church, but frequented the theatre and other places of public amusement. Sometimes he was out, night after night, for weeks together, then he would suddenly stay fast at home, till the going-out fit came on again. As I have said, he followed no business, and, when within doors, his time was spent in playing the German flute, reading newspapers, and entertaining himself with a sort of German nine-pins, which it appeared he could play alone. These were the observation of the first few weeks; but as the evenings grew longer, we noticed he had ways of his own which were still more peculiar. Though generally slow-going and quiet, he would sometimes come to our door with a knock like one pursued by his enemies, especially after dark; and when it was opened, he would rush in with such haste and terror, that we were often on the point of asking what had frightened him. At times, too, as we sat by our parlor-fire, Emma at work, and I reading, we would hear him jump from his seat, open his room-door, and run half way down stairs; there he would stop for a minute or two as if to take breath, and then go leisurely back to his paper or nine-pins. Emma told me that he had often a frightened look when she went to see about his breakfast in the morning, and it was soon evident that he did not rest well at night; we could hear him moving about and lighting his candle at all hours; indeed, at last he kept it burning the whole night, and we came to the conclusion that Mr. Neffer was rather a queer gentleman.

Our lodger had been civil from the first, but as the winter drew on, he became positively friendly, lingered to talk with us on all occasions, told us the news of the day, made us trifling presents, offered the loan of anything he had, and was particularly attentive not to give Emma trouble. In our frequent chats, we observed that he took opportunities to reflect on his own loneliness; he did not care for sitting down to meals by himself—it was a cheerless thing to be the only one at a table. I ventured to hint once or twice that our first-floor might accommodate two, and a man with means and sense was not bound to live alone; but Mr. Neffer would not hear that, and his drift was at length made clear; for one day, in my absence, he proposed to Emma, in the most direct manner, to board with us, and become one of the family. Whatever she may want of beauty, fortune, or connections, no man will ever regret marrying a sensible woman. Mrs. Lesley told me our lodger's proposal that evening, and her own opinion of it.

"He's a strange man, Charles, and has strange ways. I don't think there are any bad intentions in his mind towards us. He's a good lodger, and the rent is useful: but there is something about him that I should not like to sit down with always. We don't know what he has been; he has got nothing to do, and that frightened look of his makes me doubt his head is not quite steady; in short, Charles, I think we are better by ourselves."

I felt exactly as Emma did on the subject; and being a good deal the cunninger of the two—not an uncommon case for all that is said to the contrary—I advised her to lay the responsibility of refusal on my reserved habits and dislike of strangers. Emma said she could not help pitying him, he looked so disappointed and downcast at our determination to do without his company; and I observed that he paid me particular attention ever after, as if to remove my objections to his strangership.

He must have thought himself succeeding remarkably well in this endeavor, for before the short days of mid-winter came, we had grown familiar and almost confidential. He asked me up to his room; he came down to chat in our parlor; and, whether by accident or design I cannot say, but he often met me on my way home from business. One Saturday evening—it was in the beginning of December, a clear, frosty night, and I was posting along the Queen's Road to Emma—he overtook me, and seemed strongly inclined to talk; indeed, I had latterly thought he had something particular to say, and now it was evidently coming. He drew close up to my side. There was scarcely a soul to be seen along that quiet road, but the bright fires flashed up from all the kitchens with the sounds and odors of preparing tea.

"A nice quiet neighborhood this," said Mr. Neffer. "I suppose there is never anything troublesome or unpleasant happening here; no housebreakers, no followers after people for bad purposes, you understand?" and he looked at me with his keen, cunning eyes.

"I don't know; I've never heard of the like."

"Oh, yes, but they do come," he said, hastily; "I have been troubled that way myself, and you must know it, Mr. Lesley. Haven't you seen him?"

"Who?" said I.

"That old man that won't keep away from me!" and he crouched in closer to my side. "He follows me home through the streets at night, and he gets in, and comes up stairs; you must have seen him. And, Mr. Lesley, if you would only keep him out,—talk to him, bid him go away,—I have money to spare, and I should not mind giving a hundred pounds or so. Would not that be of use to you?"

We were hard by a gas lamp; the man was looking me straight in the face, and speaking in a low, husky tone, with a terrible touch of fear in it. I felt convinced that our lodger would soon get apartments at Colney Hatch, or some other convenient asylum; his manner was so alarming that the hair under my hat began to rise, and it was with no small perturbation that I assured him I had seen no old man coming about our house, at the same time inquiring what the intruder was like. That question all at once changed Mr. Neffer's tune, and seemed to put him unaccountably on his guard.

"Oh, he's just an old acquaintance of mine, out of his mind, I think! Dear me, what a cold night it is!" and he went off in a dissertation on the weather, which lasted till we reached the door. "Here," said he, thrusting a little paper into my hand, as I stepped over the threshold; "oblige me by taking it; you have been kind to me;" and before I could say a word, he had run up stairs and shut his door.

The present was a very handsome but old-fashioned watch, with chain, key and seal, all of solid gold, except that the signet was a bloodstone, on which was engraved the figure of a mermaid with a scroll in her hand. It was a valuable gift, and I knew it meant silence on the subject of our conversation.—That was the only secret I ever kept from Emma. My poor girl's health was delicate that winter; she had much anxiety about our straitened means, and besides my conviction of losing our lodger in the manner before mentioned, his words had struck such a strange terror to my own heart, that I resolved not to frighten her with them. The gift of the watch, however, was made public. It was a capital timekeeper, of old German make, and had somebody's name, so effaced that I could not read it, inside the case.—Emma spent a great many days wondering why Mr. Neffer had parted with it, for, though well supplied, he was not liberal; but the gentleman and I were naturally greater friends than before, and it is unnecessary to say my supervision over his doings was vigilant and special.

For some time nothing remarkable rewarded my vigilance. He went on much as usual, and there was no further news regarding the old man. I had begun to persuade myself that it was all right, and that Mr. Neffer was only a little eccentric. Moreover, I thought proper to exhibit his present at the bank, as my own watch, being originally a cheap one, had gone permanently out of order. The golden magnificence was, I must confess, produced whenever occasion served, and greatly admired by my mates of the desk, but by none, I fancied, more than Mr. Rensall, the head-clerk of our department. He was a silent, punctual man, who said little and did much. He had a steady look, black hair, which was getting grizzled, and a manner which kept the most conceited of the clerks in awe. They had a tale that his family had been bankers, or doing bank business for seven generations, and that they had come over from Hanover with the first of the Georges. Mr. Rensall was a man in great authority over us, and feeling flattered that he should admire my watch, I lost no opportunity in letting him see it. He evidently had some thoughts of his own about it, but said nothing, till one day, when I happened to be sitting alone making out vouchers for Calcutta, and the head-clerk had business at my desk. The watch had been referred to, but as a matter of convenience, for its novelty was wearing off my mind.

"You have a handsome watch, Mr. Lesley," he said, with uncommon condescension; "allow me to look at it. Quite a gem of its kind, of the old Gottingen make," he continued, examining my present, but with more of scrutiny than admiration in his look; "it must have cost you a considerable sum."

I felt bound to rebut the charge of extravagance, and immediately informed the head-clerk how and where I had come by it.

"Oh, from your lodger!" said he, returning the watch to my hand. "He must have a great respect for you, and also be a man of some wealth, to give away such a valuable watch."

It was not often that Mr. Rensall chatted so much with one of his inferiors. I was pleased, and honored, and knowing he had some influence in the way of recommending for promotion, I gave him full particulars regarding our gentleman in the drawing-room, always excepting the prospects of Colney Hatch. Mr. Rensall listened with great affability, said he was glad to hear we had such an agreeable lodger, and wished me good-morning. After that, he never failed to take friendly notice of me at the bank; I rose immensely in the estimation of my brother-clerks in consequence; and there was a general impression on their minds, that Lesley must have good connections. These omens of good-luck were balanced by homesigns of a less encouraging character. Emma was not getting stronger, winter wants and prices were telling on our slender income, and our lodger's manifestations of an approach to the strait-waistcoat began to increase. His frightened knocks and runs into the passage became more frequent; he burned two candles now every night; and as the new year came in, a singular addition was made to his stock of queerness, for we heard him conversing very earnestly when there was not a soul in the rooms but himself.

It was one of those nights, wet, windy, and cold, which come in the dreariest part of the London winter. I had returned home late, and poor Emma had got a sad headache; so she left me, for the first time, sitting by our fire alone, and went up stairs to try and sleep it off. I had been reading about the settlement of the Belgium question in the *Morning Advertiser's* leading article, and was not much interested. There was not a sound in the house but the wind and rain that beat against the windows; our maid seemed to be asleep in her territory below, and I crept up stairs to see how my poor girl rested. She was fast asleep. I closed the door softly, and was stealing down, when, on the first-floor lobby, my ear was caught by Mr. Neffer in one of his conversations. I don't admire the character of an eaves-dropper, and never had much inclination to imitate Paul Pry; but nothing in this world could have taken me past that door without seeing what was going on inside. Without further ceremony, then, my candle was set down, and my eye was at the keyhole. Mr. Neffer sat on one side of his fire, looking steadily at the other, where there stood an empty sofa. I never saw such fixed and frozen terror in any face; but his white lips moved, and his words came slowly, as if he were talking to somebody who sat there, and would answer him.

"I'll give up your money to your heirs, if you only name them; but don't come here—don't come after me! You know it was not my fault that you fell in!" Here he stopped, as if some one spoke in reply; but there was neither voice nor sound that I could hear. "That's true; I don't deny it," he said, in a sort of moan. "I should have helped you out, but I did not! It's all over now though; and I served you faithfully for nearly twenty years. What good does it do to come after me this way?"

My knees were positively beginning to shake with the thought of whom he might be talking to, but there was nothing to be seen. I had a good conscience, and was taking up my candle with that comfort, and the conviction that my wealthy lodger could scarcely boast of the same, when a thundering knock at the street-door startled our maid, to the great demolition of crockery-ware, as a crash from the kitchen testified, made Emma jump from her bed, and brought me scouring down stairs. What was my amazement on opening it to see policeman A of the D division, whom I partially knew, because his beat was at the bank, accompanied by two tall men in foreign uniform.

"Very sorry, Mr. Lesley," said he, "but we have a warrant against your first-floor lodger."

"What for?" said I, holding the door.

"A charge of murder!" said the policeman. "He has been traced from Hanover. These are two of the police come for him: you have nothing to do in the business but let us pass."

Here our maid, having got up just in time to see the policeman and catch the word murder, opened such a fire of screams as made me run to bundle her down stairs, lest she should alarm the neighborhood. In this I succeeded, with the help of Emma, who had come down to see what was the matter; and when I got back, the policemen were in the first-floor. I heard them talking in Neffer's room; but it was not long before he came down with them as quietly as any man could, and upon my word, looking less frightened than he did while talking to the empty sofa. When they were fairly outside, A of the D division stepped back to me:

"Mr. Lesley, you got a watch from that gentleman; and if you please, it must be given up to the Hanover police. I was bidden, sir," he added in a lower key, "to tell you in private that Mr. Rensall would make up any loss you might come to: he is a principal party in this business."

I gave up the watch without further parley; and they marched off with our lodger. But that was a woeful night for Emma and me. Our maid held on at what she justly called the "screeching stirks"—I honestly believe, to efface the memory of the broken crockery—for a couple of hours, at the end of which time I had to see her home to her mother, the laundress, who dwelt half a mile off in Clarence Lane. Then the respectability of our house had been endangered; our drawing-room gentleman was gone, and with him the weekly rent. The prospect was not overbright; but things might have been worse. The wind prevented our neighbors from hearing Mary-Ann's performance. The affair did not appear at any length in the newspapers, which merely stated that a Hanoverian, accused of murder, had been arrested at a house in St. John's Wood. So we kept our own counsel; and if our ex-maid edified Clarence Lane on the subject, the sound of her trumpet did not reach our ears; for having got her wages in advance, the young lady's health continued too delicate to return.

We were wondering what we should do; both our minds were made up against letting, we had got enough of that; and I had gone to my desk at the bank for weeks without seeing Mr. Rensall—whose duties were being performed by a deputy clerk; but one morning there he was, silent and punctual as ever.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Lesley," he said; "will you dine with me this evening at the London Tavern?—we have some matters to talk over."

I dropped Emma a note, to prevent her waiting for me, and went to dinner, with some hope, and more curiosity. Of course it was a private room; but Mr. Rensall talked of nothing except the markets and the weather, till we were sitting over the port, and then he commenced explanations.

"You remember your lodger and your watch, Mr. Lesley?"

I assented.

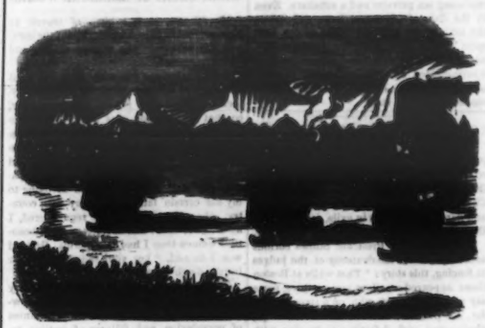
"Well, as the story concerns myself, I will tell it from the beginning. My family were Hanoverians; they emigrated to this country with the old Elector, commonly called George I., whose private banking business they did till the end of his days. Royal favor and employment passed from them, however, as the House of Brunswick took root in England; but they continued to be connected more or less with banks, which seems to have been the family vocation. In pursuance of it, my father's only brother returned to his parent-country about fifty years ago, established himself at Gottingen, and in process of time Rensall's bank did all the money-business of that steady and flourishing town. The parents and guardians of students who come there from all parts of the north of Germany, rent their supplies through it; the merchants vested their profits, and got their bills discounted there. In short, it was a safe concern; and though my uncle always kept the oversight and chief management in his own hand, he took in partners with less capital to do the daily work, and lived retired in his latter years. His house was one of the oldest in the town, and had formed part of an ancient nunnery. It had grated shutters, a granary with a great handmill in it, and a deep draw-well in the yard. With these appliances against a siege, he lived a strict and economical bachelor, his household consisting of his confidential clerk and his old housekeeper, with her son and the errand-boy.

"His confidential clerk was named Peter Brantz, the orphan son of a notary, who had neither means nor mind enough to follow his father's profession. He had been with him for nineteen years, and could speak English as well as German, for my uncle not only retained the language of his youth, but did a considerable business in English bills. Brantz knew all the secrets of the firm, and it was thought the old man could not do without him, though they had frequent disputes, chiefly on the subjects of work and perquisites, which rather increased as master and clerk grew older. I was my uncle's heir-at-law. We had been always on friendly terms, and I visited him every summer; but his house would not have been an agreeable residence, and it was his special policy to keep his relations at a distance. The last letter I had from him was at the Christmas-time, about five years ago, and the old man never wrote another. On Christmas Eve he allowed old Betine, his housekeeper, and her son to go and make merry with a friend of theirs who lived in the outskirts of the town, at the same time saying that he and his clerk would go to spend the Christmas at the house of a wealthy miller, about an English mile from Gottingen, with whom he had an old friendship. When Betine and her son returned, they found the house still shut up, though it was the day after Christmas. No knocking could obtain admission; back and front doors and windows were fast; and after waiting and wondering the half of the day, the authorities were applied to and an entrance effected. The house was found all in order; drawers, cupboards, everything stood undisturbed, but neither master nor clerk was to be seen, and on inquiry at the miller's house, it was ascertained that they had not been there. A woodman going to his home late in the winter evening, had seen two men answering to their description on the banks of the Leine. The river was dragged, the town was searched, the province was advertised, but neither clerk nor master could be heard of. My uncle's partners were keen men of business; his death could not be proved, and they refused to receive or acknowledge me as heir, till the time allowed by the laws of Hanover expired. The bank remained in their hands; the landlord of my uncle's house let it to a Lutheran clergyman, with a large family. It was the general impression that on their way to the miller's house, which passed by the precipitous banks of the river, the old man might have slipped and fallen in, and his confidential clerk, in attempting to assist, was probably drowned with him. One thing, however, puzzled me and the partners: notwithstanding the undisturbed state of the house, several English bonds and securities which my uncle was known to have kept in his own possession were nowhere to be found. Years passed, and I discovered that those missing bonds were in the market, and had been released by somebody. My faith had never been firm in the drowning of the confidential clerk, but all my inquiries failed to find the slightest account of him, till you produced that remarkable watch one day in Barclay's bank. My uncle had often shown it to me as a rare and valuable pledge left in his hands by an officer of the Hessian troops in the service of England, who never appeared to redeem it. I knew that, however the watch had come into your hands, there was the key of the mystery. Your description of your first-floor lodger tallied exactly with that of Peter Brantz. I lost no time in conveying information to the Gottingen police. He was traced out and arrested, as you know. There might have been some difficulty in getting clear evidence against him, but he saved us all trouble by voluntEering a full confession. It was to the effect that on the Christmas Eve, when he and his master were alone in the house, the old man, whose mind had begun to fall him, reopened a charge he had against the clerk of throwing the key of a certain drawer where his small change was kept into the draw-well in the yard. Peter declared himself guiltless of the fact; but it seems my poor uncle had taken a notion of looking into the well, and always recurred to it when the key turned up in his memory. He had gone out by himself while Peter was up stairs, and while looking, must have fallen in. The clerk heard his cries for help, but did not come down; and when all was over, he accommodated himself with the English bonds, as the least likely to lead to detection; shut up the house when the streets were quiet; and set off on foot from Gottingen to the north. About Hamburg and the Elbe country he spent some time, till the search had gone by; then came to England, realized the bonds, and lived rich and idle: but he protested that wherever he went to lodge or live, the old man haunted him; and it was in hopes of getting rid of his company, that he gave you the watch, that he had taken from among the bonds with which it was kept. Parting with it did not serve his purpose; he said the old man came oftener than ever. On the strength of his confession, the well was examined by the Gottingen police. The honest clergyman had covered it with a broad flagstone, because there came such an unpleasant odor from it in summer-time that he thought the old convent sewers might have emptied themselves there; but the bones were found wedged in the mouth of an ancient aqueduct, twelve feet below the surface. There was no legal evidence to convict Brantz of the murder, but the robbery was clear against him, and he was condemned to hard labor in the public works; and the curious part of the business is, that since his conviction, he has been entirely freed from the visits of his former master."

"Well," said I, "one ought not to believe in old women's tales about ghosts and the like, but somehow I think he was haunted;" and I related the doings and sayings which had frightened myself.

"There was no haunting in the case," said Mr. Rensall. "Your lodger had an idle life, a weak head, and a burdened conscience—which might well enough account for the ghost as an illusion of his brain; yet the result was singular. But let us to business. The proof of my uncle's death being now clear, I inherit his interest in the Gottingen bank, and intend to open a corresponding-house in London, with some English partners. Will you accept the position of head-clerk in it, Mr. Lesley?"

It is unnecessary to say that I agreed, and have been head-clerk in the bank of Rensall & Co. for five-and-twenty years. During the greater part of that time, our relations have been holding up Emma and me as patterns of wisdom and prudence to their families.—Of course, we never let our first-floor now; and the handsome Geneva watch which Mr. Rensall gave me in exchange for his uncle's, keeps capital time; but Emma says she can never look at it without recollecting our Queer Lodger.



A CHINESE MUSKET OR JINGALL.

An American gentleman, W. S. Livingston, residing in Shanghae, China, after the capture of the Peiho forts by the English troops went out to visit the battle field, and brought away with him a very curious relic, which is illustrated in the accompanying engraving. It is a Chinese musket, or as they call it, a jingall. A large number of these had been laid down by the Chinese to form a corduroy road, and Mr. Livingston dug one up, and on a visit to New York brought it with him.

The barrel is 8 feet long and weighs 22½ lbs., the whole weight of the gun being 28 lbs. It is a matchlock, the cock carrying a slow match which is thrown down into the pan of powder on pulling the trigger, the match being lighted before the aim is taken. It is carried by two men and fired by a third, as shown in the engraving. Sometimes, in fixing it, the breech is placed against the shoulder and the trigger is pulled by the finger instead of by a chain, as shown.

The Chinese doubtless used these muskets for hundreds of years, while English and French armies were fighting with bows and arrows, but western civilization in this, as in so many other respects, has passed by that most conservative of all nations, and a Chinese jingall is a primitive and very inefficient weapon when compared with the arms now manufactured and used in the United States and all European countries.

NURSING.

Never argue with a sick man. I don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with anybody, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now what can be the use of this? If he is better, he is better; if not, you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten.

Next to hopefulness in a nurse, I would say that decision is necessary. Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive if no one suspects that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in a sick room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, *never* loud. She is distinct, it is true; there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tiptoe; she never makes gestures; all is open and aboveboard. She knows no diplomacy or *finesse*, and of course her shoes never creek. Her touch is steady and enbouraging. She does not potter. She never blows her nose in a subdued, provokingly imperfect, and considerate sort of a way, but honestly, and in a natural tone. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, it is true, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skillfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal. In short, she is hearty, decisive, tender and hopeful.

I believe that as many children are injured for life by careful as by careless nursing.—They are helped too much, coddled too much, kept from crying and romping too much.—There is not, for instance, a more elaborate instrument of torture than a child's high backed chair, on which it sits at meals, if not at other times, bolt upright, with its legs off the ground.

What should you think of a gardener who so shielded the young trees under his care that they could never feel the wind? I don't know what you would think, but, as a matter of fact, the gardener would be a fool, and ought to have warning. Wind is exercise to the young trees, and the old ones too. They can't get up and run about over the field; they can't play leap-frog or hop-scotch; their only exercise is swinging; this promotes circulation and opens their chests. They play up in the air. Now, children want all manner of tumbling and rolling about, for their proper growth; and when I see them set primly up in one of those abominable high-backed chairs, I think of a stunted seedling standing upright where no breath of air can come to move its weary stalk. It is bad enough for any one to be cramped up—did you ever travel forty-eight hours in a diligence? But it is worse for those who are young; they are intended to wriggle into life. Burn your high-backed, narrow-seated chairs. How would you like to get your dinner sitting on the mantel-shelf?

But I must have done with the babies. I want to say a little about the nursing of old people, the most touching, and perhaps the most trying branch of the art. Here you have to eke out the oil in the lamp, knowing that the vessel is low. The wick must be trimmed tenderly. You have in some cases the helplessness and irritability of the baby, and no gradual unfolding of power to come, no glimpses of the future manhood, but, because it has nearly struggled from the stem, been nearly fluttered off by the wind and hail of life. It is for you to keep it there as long as you can, till some sudden frost shall come, and it falls down upon the common ground, where both rose and thistle mix at last.

The great difficulty in nursing some very old people arises, of course, out of their habit of power and authority. They have been strong in body and, mind. When you are old, you will perhaps not like to admit to yourself that you are not what you were, in either. You will try to set yourself straight with others by many allusions to decay, but this is the only concession you make. You will probably own to infirmities, and then, as if you did not acknowledge them. Thus we see very old persons sometimes presume upon their age, and insist on this or that with a pertinacity they never exhibited before. Of course this makes the work of nursing them doubly trying and painful, but the old principle holds. Look to what there is of true life and strength, and adapt your treatment to it, above all, use it. Learn of the aged; help them by being helped; strengthen by seeking strength. You may depend upon it, though your head may be cool, and your memory of judgment in first-rate working order, there is an instinctive wisdom granted to old age, when the fruit of experience is mellow and wholesome.

But if the fruit hang beyond its time, as I have seen grapes still upon a vine, shrunk and white with mouldiness before they have been gathered, or dropped of themselves—if you have to nurse the querulous and bitter age, oh, tend them as if they were sweet.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ Poverty breeds wealth, and wealth in its turn breeds poverty. The earth, to form the mound, is taken out of the ditch; and whatever may be the height of the one will be the depth of the other.

WALKING.

The heel of the boots or shoes should not be high, because it makes the step less steady and secure, and, at the same time, shortens it, and impairs the action of the calf muscle. A high-heel piece, moreover, renders the position of the foot upon the ground oblique, placing the fore-part at a lower level than the heel; thus the weight is thrown too much in the direction of the toes, and they are driven forward and cramped against the upper leather of the shoe. The high heel of a boot, therefore, tends to aggravate the evils which are caused by the insufficient and ill-adjusted space which is allowed to the toes.

A good foot is not only characteristic of man and his intellectual faculties, but in each individual the foot receives an impress from the mind. To walk well we must will well. There is little difficulty in recognizing three chief classes among pedestrians. First, there are those who pay too much attention to the movements, who walk with a pompous strut, or mincing gait, or affect some style or other. We are naturally very little inclined in favor of such persons; indeed we have usually to make an effort not to be decidedly prejudiced against them. Secondly, there are those who pay too little attention to their movements, who do not seem to be sufficiently alive to the responsibility attaching to the possessors of so noble a structure as the human frame, and who do not give themselves the trouble to exert the powers of the glorious mechanism with which they are charged. They slouch or dawdle along in a listless, lazy manner. Instinct tells us, and tells us rightly, to beware how we trust such persons with the conduct of our affairs, or with any office of responsibility. We feel that the lack of energy manifested in the guidance of their limbs is, too probably, a feature of character, which unfits them for the active duties of life; and we know that such men are not usually successful in their calling. Thirdly, there are those who show, by the firmness and precision of their step, and by the regularity in the succession of the movements by which the step is made, that they are conscious of the dignity of their species, of the responsibility attendant on that dignity, and of the respect due to themselves. Such men, we feel, are likely to pursue their avocations energetically and methodically, as well as with punctuality.

Many points of character peep out in the way men walk. Our poet tells us that in one way we may read—

> —— rascal in the motions of his back,
> And scoundrel in his supple sliding knee.

Another has a halting, shuffling, undecided gait; while a third walks in a bold, determined, straightforward, erect, and independent manner. One has a cautious, parsimonious step, as if sparing of shoe-leather, or afraid to trust the ground; he has, however, probably, trusted the funds with considerable investments. Some walk with long, pretentious, measured strides; others make short, quick, insignificant steps. Some, again, are hurried, fussy, noisy, while others glide along in a quiet, shrinking, unpretending, it may be timid manner.

TENTS.

Millions of the earth's inhabitants have no other homes than tents, and desire no other. In fact, some of the tribes who dwell in these portable tabernacles look with pity upon the civilized tenants of stationary domiciles, calling them "prisoners of cities." The Kurd of Persia, the Samoiede of Siberia, the Bedouin of Arabia, would consider a mansion in Belgravia a very clumsy and inconvenient substitute for the skin or canvas house which he carries with him on his camel or his horse. And certainly the nomad who roams the wild, home in hand, as it were, has some important advantages over the dweller in marble halls. His habitation is his own, and he never raises money upon it by bond and mortgage, or is compelled to sell it in hard times at a great sacrifice. He pays no house rent, no taxes, and changes his locality as often as he deems it for the benefit of his health or his pecuniary interest to do so. The most beautiful and salubrious spots he can find in his wanderings are his, without fee, so long as he chooses to occupy them; and wherever he pitches his tent, the surrounding pasturage belongs to him for the time being. In short, he is a locomotive squatter-sovereign, establishing his dominion whenever he gets tired of it. Can any human being be more thoroughly independent?

Christian civilization cares little for tents, however, except for military purposes. And what are its ordinary military tents? About the most unsuitable concerns for the purpose they are intended to subserve that misdirected ingenuity could devise. Their shape—we allude to the common bell-tent and the marquee—are admirably calculated to catch and hold the wind, instead of resisting and throwing it off. During the siege of Sebastopol, a tremendous tornado prostrated all the canvas in the British and French armies. Only the *rounded* bee-hive shaped tents of the Turks remained standing. Did the Allies profit by the hint? Not they. They put up new sharp-angled and baggy canvas-houses, like those the tempest had demolished, and the consequence was that every heavy gale made large gaps in their encampments, sometimes unhousing whole regiments, who had to stand the pelting of the pitiless storm without cover, or take shelter with comrades whose quarters were already crowded almost to suffocation.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that there has been very little improvement in military tents during the last eighteen centuries. The French army tents—those adopted within the last few years—are probably the best of their kind extant. They are an improvement upon the Turkish, especially as regards ventilation, but, except in this respect, are not much superior to the skin-huts of the Roman legionaries in the reign of Nero, each of which was capable of accommodating ten privates and a subaltern. Even in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the tents of the pastoral tribes of the East seem to have been pretty comfortable tabernacles. They were covered with the skin of a certain Red Sea fish, resembling chamois leather—in King James's Bible erroneously rendered badger's skin.

"GOFFE, WHALLEY, OR THE DEVIL."

Goffe and Whalley were two of the Puritan judges of King Charles I., who were concealed in New England from the vengeance of the crown, after the Restoration of King Charles II., and who lived in concealment and danger, as well as in exile, sometimes in Boston, then in New Haven, then in Hadley.

Abridging from President Stiles's curious account, to show the dexterity of the judges at fencing, this story: "That while at Boston there appeared a gallant person there, some say a fencing-master, who, on a stage erected for the purpose, walked it for several days, challenging and defying any to play with swords. At length one of the judges appeared among the spectators, disguised in a queer, rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, with a broom-stick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he passed along. Thus equipped, he mounted the stage. The fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked him what business he had there, and bid him begone. The judge stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off—a rencontre ensued—the judge received the sword into the cheese, and held it till he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers. The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese till the broom was drawn over his eyes. At a third lunge the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face. Upon this the gentleman laid aside his small sword, and took up the broad sword, and came at him with that; upon which the judge said, 'Stop, sir; hitherto you see I have only played with you, and not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me now with the broad sword, know that I will certainly take your life.' The firmness and determinateness with which he spoke struck the gentleman, who exclaimed, in surprise, 'Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil,—for there was no other man in England that could beat me.' And so the disguised judge retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene, and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New England, in speaking of a champion at athletic exercises, to say that none can beat him but 'Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil.'"

A STRANGE STATEMENT.

A correspondent asks if any of our scientific readers can throw a light upon the following extraordinary circumstance, the truth of which he asserts:—

Under the church of the secluded village of ——, in Wiltshire, is a vault, which, for many years past has been the last home of the —— family, who possessed estates in the parish acquired by marriage with a lady who was buried some weeks since. On opening the vault for the reception of her body, it was found that the coffin containing her deceased husband, formerly the Squire of the place, had not only turned completely round, but had actually got upon and across that of her deceased father. One who witnessed the opening of the vault was panic-struck at the discovery, though quite prepared for some little alteration of position, as, when the vault was opened for the reception of the Squire, the coffins of his son and daughter had shifted a considerable distance across the capacious vault; and the same person witnessed that the daughter's had done so when the son was buried. All were in lead coffins, and all were placed on the stone floor. Had this been witnessed by but one person, it might have been doubted; but many saw it. The correspondent says he repudiates all superstitious notions, and publishes in the hope that "chemistry may unravel the mystery." The disturbed coffins had all become rounded on the top, evidencing the existence of gas within. None but members of the last family had ever been found displaced, neither had the other coffins become rounded. [A similar case is said to have occurred in France not very long since, and to have been authenticated by the local authorities.]

Disappointment In Marriage.—"Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointment in marriage; collect all their complaints; hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn? They were mistaken in the person—some disguise, either of body or mind, is seen through in the first domestic scuffle; some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit falls off. It is not the Rachel for whom I have served.—Why hast thou then beguiled me? Be open, be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing—varnish nothing; and if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day; when the night is past 'twill never be the same story. And it came to pass, behold, it was Leah."

A Ring Around the Sun.—An interesting astronomical discovery is announced. It is said to be established that there is at least one ring of meteoric formations surrounding the sun, and that the annual meteoric display in August is caused by the earth passing through the ring. The thickness of this ring is said to be five to ten millions of miles, and Prof. Newton calculates that there are more than 300,000,000,000,000 meteoric bodies in it. Think of that vast number till your head rings again. What a fiery pathway our poor earth has to travel, to be sure.

EARLY DECAY OF AMERICAN WOMEN

Mrs. Stowe, in her book of travels in Europe, makes these remarks about the comparative beauty of the women of England and America:—

A lady asked me the other evening what I thought of the beauty of the English aristocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by-the-by, so that the question was a fair one. I replied that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with those of America? "Now for it, patriotism," said I to myself, and invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to add, "but your ladies keep their beauty much longer."

This fact stares one in the face in every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fullness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea-fog and coal-smoke, the same which keeps the turf green, and makes the ivy and holly flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin, that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fullness? If it is the coal and sea-fog, why then I am afraid we shall never come up with them.

But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close, stove-heated rooms something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting, and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty because they keep their health.

It has been as remarkable to me as anything, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part I must say the most favorable omen I know of for female beauty in America is the multiplication of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.

FRENCH AND GERMAN LADIES.

The Paris Figaro is responsible for the following amusing parallel between feminine humanity in France and Germany:—

"The French woman dresses, the German clothes herself. The German walks, the Parisienne undulates. German women are either handsome or ugly; Parisiennes are charming; none of them are ugly, nor are they even beautiful. Whether excited or listless, the look of the German woman is always frank and honest. What delicious abysses are the eyes of the Parisienne! As Count de Grammont once remarked—"Her eyes always seem to be doing something more than merely looking at you! The German says yes or no. With the Parisienne it is never quite yes, nor altogether no. The German will wait for you at the trysting-place ten years; the Parisienne, ten minutes. Parisienne is superlatively knowing; the German is good. The German is content with the admiration of one; the French woman longs to be admired by all, and would rather give up her betrothed than the public. The Parisienne is an artist, the German a woman. Moral.—Love in France, marry in Germany."

A Lively Queen.—The Ex-Queen of Naples is thus described by a correspondent writing from Rome:—"Riding a few days since in the Campagna, I was passed by three equestrians—two certainly men, the third a puzzle, but seeming rather of the epicene, or doubtful gender. It wore a yellow Zouave jacket; a black garment beyond description clothed its lower members, and on its head was jauntily stuck a *bersagliere* hat, with a great plume of yellow and black feathers. It rode like a woman—that is, very fast and recklessly—to the evident terror and suffering of its two companions, who, dressed in light suits of black, and one, at least, with his feet thrust into the stirrups the wrong way, were tempting Providence in a trot. A wide ditch was before them—I have seen men turn from a smaller. It, however, went straight at it, and got well over; and turning round, and taking off her hat to her pounded companions, there was the beautiful face of the Ex-Queen of Naples, who stopped to light her cigar, while the two men went ignominiously round by the bridge."

Habits of Rats.—The predatory habits of rats are well known, as well, perhaps, as their fondness for human flesh. But the most tempting delicacy of a rat's palate is the flesh of a relative. Woe to one meeting with an accident or becoming infirm—he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, the chances are, not that he has bitten it off to escape captivity, but that he has been eaten up by his own relatives.—When Mrs. Rat becomes a mother she must hide her offspring, lest her unnatural relatives should make a dinner of them. Let two rats have a difference of opinion, and agree to decide the question by mortal combat. The moment the affair is concluded by the death of one of them, the ring is broken and both victor and vanquished are eaten on the spot. For this reason, an old rat will retire into solitude, and beat off all intruders, regardless of sex.

TYRANNY OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE

The tyranny of the Austrian police is well exemplified by the following anecdote, occurring in a speech of Dr. Brauner, in the Austrian Reichsrath. A peasant was busy in front of his house harnessing his horse to a loaded cart. It was early in the morning. The gendarme on duty happened to pass by, and observed that the little tablet, having inscribed on it the number of the persons there resident who were liable to the conscription, was not in its place on the door of the house. He taxed the peasant therewith, and noted in his pocket-book this transgression of the recruiting law. The peasant excused himself, saying that the tablet had been blown down by the wind during the night, and that the children had found it by daybreak, and had taken it into the house. He would fetch it and fasten it up again. So he left his horse, and stepped in-doors. Transgression No. 2: "A horse without a keeper." The gendarme entered the house: the dog sprung out and barked at him. Third transgression: "Dog left at large." The peasant's wife was just kindling the fire, and confounded at all this, she hurried out with a piece of half-lighted wood in her hand to drive in the dog. Fourth transgression: "Imprudent use of fire." The peasant, in despair at all the penalties impending over him, scratched his head and said to himself, "Now, God help us, one don't know how to live in one's own house, along of the gensdarmes." Although the remark was in a low tone, the practiced ear of the gendarme caught it. Transgression No. 5: "Unbecoming expressions and opposition to the gendarmerie."

FEEING A BILL IN PARLIAMENT.

The table of fees in the published "Standing Orders" of the British House of Commons, corrected up to the close of the recent session, would surprise persons unacquainted with parliamentary business. The rate varies according to the sum intended to be laid out upon the undertaking to be sanctioned. If a town determine on a great public improvement, on which a million and a half of money is to be laid out, the first step is to deposit a petition for leave to bring in a bill before the house; but the house cannot see the petition unless there is a £50 note in it. On the first reading of the bill, on the second reading, on the report from the select committee on the bill, and even after the approval by the select committee, on the third reading, too, down to the time when the house has to part with the bill, it can see no merit in it unless on each of these steps £150 be paid before the bill is put to the vote. These are parts of the price which "the powers that be" charge for an Act of Parliament.

The Seven Old, and the Seven New.—The seven wonders of the world *were:* 1st, the Egyptian Pyramids. The largest of these is 693 feet square and 469 feet high, and its base covers 11¼ acres of ground; 2nd, the Mausoleum, erected to Mausolus, a King of Caria, by his widow, Artemisia. It was 63 feet long and 35 feet high; 3rd, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. This was 425 feet in length and 220 feet in breadth; 4th, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon. These walls are stated by Herodotus to have been 87 feet thick, 350 feet high, and 60 miles in length, and the statement is deemed credible by modern antiquarians; 5th, the Colossus of Rhodes. This was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet in height, standing at the mouth of the harbor of Rhodes; 6th, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens, which was made of ivory and gold, and was wonderful for its beauty rather than for its size; 7th, the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This was a lighthouse 500 feet high, on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, in Egypt. A fire of wood was kept burning on its summit during the night, to guide ships to the harbor.

The seven wonders of the world *are*—The steam engine, the electric telegraph, the printing press, the telescope, the microscope, the chemical laboratory, and the photograph.

A Corrector of Evil Thoughts.—Bitter judgments of men, imputations of evil motives, disbelief in anything noble or generous, a disposition to repeat tales to the prejudice of others, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—all these things may possibly come out of a bad heart; but they certainly come out of a miserable one. The happier any human being is, the better and more kindly he thinks of all. It is the man who is always worried, whose means are uncertain, whose home is uncomfortable, whose nerves are rasped by some kind friend who daily repeats and enlarges upon everything disagreeable for him to hear—it is he who thinks hardly of the character and prospects of humankind, and who believes in the essential and unimprovable badness of the race.

The Kentucky rebel convention has made a declaration of independence, passed an ordinance of secession, and adopted the laws and constitution of Kentucky, where not inconsistent with the acts of the rebel government.

We have from the south a report that the privateer Sumter has been captured on the coast of Texas by the United States frigate Niagara.

Gen. Jim Lane of Kansas is on his way to Washington. He is to speak in New York.

On Wednesday *five hundred Federal prisoners confined in the Richmond jails were sent to Tuscaloosa*, Alabama, the reason assigned being that they would be much more comfortable there than in Richmond, especially as the climate was warmer.

Col. Fremont and family are in New York. It is said that, at his express solicitation, the contemplated torchlight procession, banquet, &c., have been given up. In the course of the day, the General was waited upon by the Rocky Mountain Club, and likewise by one or two German societies. Vice President Hamlin, Hon. C. B. Sedgwick and Senators Foot and Morrill, of Vermont, also paid their respects. Mrs. Fremont received a large number of lady visitors.—*New York letter of 29th.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that a large steamer had left London loaded with munitions of war for the rebel states.

The rebel steamer Nashville, which ran the Charleston blockade, arrived at Southampton on the 21st ult.

On the 19th ult. the Nashville boarded the American ship Harvey Birch, bound from Havre for New York, in ballast, took off Capt. Nelson and the crew, and burned the ship to the water's edge.

The Nashville landed Captain Nelson and the crew of the Harvey Birch at Southampton, and remained there herself with the rebel flag flying.

Captain Nelson says that Commander Pegram, of the Nashville, denies being a privateer, and says he has a commission as a war steamer.

Dr. Russell, in his last letter to the London Times, asserts that the President and Cabinet were not indisposed to a peaceful arbitration, and were probably considering the proposition of accepting or asking for the intervention of the great European potentates.

Austria has quietly got together quite a powerful squadron in the Adriatic, comprising fifty vessels in all.

The Madrid Espana says that a project is being discussed of forming in America a colony of the republics of Spanish origin, with Spain at the head of it. The address of the Cortes, in response to the speech of the Queen of Spain, had been read. It approves of all the points of the speech.

MISSOURI.

By recent advices the rebels under Price, McCulloch, and Rains, were concentrating at Springfield. McCulloch had 4,000 men, Rains 7,000. Price's number is not stated.

Gen. Price, on his march, desolated and destroyed everything, to prevent our troops getting in his rear.

There are over a thousand refugee families at Rolla, many of them in a destitute condition, with a pitiful prospect for the winter, and more are constantly arriving.

The measles are raging in the different camps at Rolla to a great extent.

At Lexington the mills are nearly all owned by the rebels, who will furnish all they can of flour for the enemy. The foundry is owned by one of the worst of rebels; who has made, in times past, cannon for Price's army, and is the most busy and seditious man in the place.

The bank there is the one which furnished Jackson with a large amount of money to carry on his war; and its directors being rebels of the worst dye, are willing to do so again.

A band of rebels, under the notorious fly Gordon, captured Captain Robb, Captain White, and Lieutenant Moonlight, three United States officers, from the railroad train at Weston, on the 28th. The rebel Stein, with 50 of his followers, is reported to be near Weston.

Colonel Croghan.—The Wheeling Intelligencer says:—The death of Col. Croghan, who was killed by Gen. Benham's command, in the retreat of Floyd from Kanawha, is no small loss to the rebels. He was an excellent officer, a noble-looking man, and formerly in the regular service, a graduate of West Point, and a classmate of Gen. Benham. He was a son of Gen. Croghan, the defender of Fort Stephenson, and was formerly quite wealthy, once owning the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky. On his death-bed he confessed that he had received only what he deserved—*that he was wrong*—and asked the surgeon to pray for him. He refused to shake hands with Benham, probably well aware his time was come. The meeting and recognition between him and Gen. Benham was painful to witness. Said the general:

"My God, Croghan! is this you?"

"Yes," said the dying man, "but for God's sake, Benham, do not reproach me—*I know now I was in the wrong.*"

Hearing the cannonading, he remarked:

"General, you can do me no good, and you are needed over there, are you not?"

Proposed New Boundaries of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware.—Map-making was never so beautiful an art as it is at this day. The reformed boundaries of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, to be presented to Congress in Mr. Cameron's report. The security of Washington, the Capital, being the object—the agreement of the three states being the means—the surrender of the three-fifths black representation being the condition precedent, as far as Maryland is concerned—Virginia hereafter is bounded north by Pennsylvania and east by the Blue Ridge, Maryland is bounded west by the Blue Ridge, south by North Carolina, and east by the Chesapeake; and Delaware, bounded on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Chesapeake, takes instant rank as a big state. This beautiful map-making is finished off by the retrocession to the Federal government of that portion of the District of Columbia abandoned to slavery by a slavish Congress. Richmond becomes a Maryland village; Accomac, the home of Wise, a Delaware county.

Manassas.—A Montreal editor who has spent several years in the south says:—

"The battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, as it is somewhat pointedly styled by the northerners, was a sad victory to the people of Richmond. In proportion there were many more citizens of Richmond present on the battle-field than of any other city of the south, and the loss of the southern army was very much greater than was supposed at the north. I have heard Beauregard declare his belief that three or four southerners fell to every northern soldier. For this, as it may, Richmond after the battle, was veiled in mourning. It seemed as if there was scarcely a family that had not lost a friend or relative, many had lost their head and every male member of their once loving domestic circle."

The Port of Beaufort.—The government has decided that, for the present, there can be no trade with South Carolina through the port of Beaufort. Circumstances are not such just now as would warrant a chance of success to the undertaking if it were attempted, and until there is apparent a thorough Union feeling in the state or district where a port may be secured, it is not likely that any trade will be permitted. So far as Beaufort is concerned there has not been a shadow of returning loyalty, but, on the contrary, a disposition to dispute the ground we have taken. What folly, then, to think of opening trade with such a people.

Port Royal.—Another expedition, consisting of two brigades, under Gen. Viele, was to sail soon from Port Royal for some point on the southern coast. The steamers Empire City, Cahawba, Marion, McClellan, Matanzas, Oriental, and all the light gunboats were to be employed on the new expedition. Beaufort was still unoccupied by our troops; but two gunboats were anchored off the town.

☞ There is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish.

☞ Knowledge is power, if you know how to use it.

NEWS ITEMS.

A COMMUNICATION in the Detroit Free Press, imputed to General Cass, justifies Wilkes's seizure of Mason and Slidell, and says that it was in strict accordance with the position of our government on the right of search question as maintained in the correspondence with the British government in 1858.

THE steamship Fulton, which arrived at New York recently, brought nearly 30,000 stand of arms from Europe.

WISCONSIN.—The Republican majority is said to range from 5,000 to 12,000 on the various state officers. Governor's majority 8,500.

SECESH CURRENCY.—Below we print, as near as we can make it, a fac-simile of secesh shinplaster taken from the person of a man recently arrested in Cincinnati:

ONE CENT.

Receivable in payment of postage, and redeemable at the New Orleans Post Office.

P. L. RIDDELL, *Post-Master.*

ED. S. RAPIER, *Postage Clerk.*

ANDREW PITT, the rebel rifleman who killed Captain Ward, of the *Frachorn*, at Mathias' Point, some time ago, died recently in Virginia, of typhoid fever. He was reputed to be the best rifle shot in Virginia, and when he shot Captain Ward he was at a distance of five hundred yards from him.

THE escaped fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, whose case has excited so much interest, is now occupying the pulpit of the Colored Baptist Church in St. Catharine's, Canada West.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, in a letter which has found its way into print, appears to entertain but little hope of her own recovery.

NO DESPATCHES FOUND.—On searching the trunks of Mason and Slidell, at Fort Warren, no despatches were found. They were either previously destroyed, or handed over to the bearer of the cartel.

THE latest invention of which we have heard is a chewing machine—in other words, a little mill, intended for toothless people and those who cannot properly masticate their food. Such an article is advertised in the London Lancet. It is fastened to the dinner-table, goes with a crank, and is said to mince the food very nicely.

A LETTER from Port Royal announces the death of Gen. Drayton, who had command of the rebel forces at Port Royal. It is said he was wounded in the fort, and died on the retreat. He was a man of great wealth and large military experience.

AN 100-pounder rifled cannon, to carry five miles, is to be sent to Fortress Monroe.

THE London Times attributes the inactivity in the demand for cotton in India to lingering hesitation as to the American supply, but says that other circumstances have also operated forcibly to such a result. The real cause of the present stagnation is not scarcity of cotton, but the absence of a demand for calico, the market of the world being glutted with Lancashire goods. Manufacturers, in curtailing operations, are doing what they must have done sooner or later, irrespective of the stoppage of the American supply.

THERE is no reason to believe that Mason and Slidell will, in their confinement, experience any different treatment from other prisoners, as they are all considered on the equality of treason.

GOVERNOR LADISLAUS UJHAZY, of Texas, has been appointed Consul at Anconia, Italy. He emigrated to Texas about twelve years ago, having been exiled from Hungary for his participation in the revolution, in which he took part as commander of Comorn during its memorable siege. He had engaged in the cultivation of vineyards successfully in Texas, but was driven thence on account of his Union sentiments.

THE whole Union has 31,300,000 inhabitants, and of these the loyal states and territories have 23,000,00, leaving a fraction over 8,000,000 included in rebeldom. This is three to one. Of the 8,000,000 about 3,500,000 are slaves, leaving less than 5,000,000 whites, so that white for white we are four to one.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.—The Toronto Globe, at first very loud in its condemnation of Capt. Wilkes for arresting Mason and Slidell, now confesses that we have international law on our side.

SAMUEL TROTH, a native of New Jersey, and residing on his plantation on the Occoquan, was taken prisoner by the rebels on account of his Union sentiments, and sent down to Richmond. His friends here have received information that he has become insane from the close confinement and ill treatment.

THE privateer Beauregard was captured by the U. S. sloop Anderson. She made no resistance. She had not captured a prize, had not fired a gun; her outfit cost $15,000, and she may safely be called a dead loss to the owners.

LETTERS from Washington say that Mr. Cameron's position upon the slavery question, at the present time, is now known beyond doubt, and in his forthcoming report he will boldly advocate the emancipation of all slaves who are the property of rebel masters.

A REBEL NEGRO REGIMENT.—A letter from Darnestown, Md., says:—"Gen. Jackson, who, as colonel, formerly commanded at Harper's Ferry, is engaged at Winchester in organizing, arming, and equipping a regiment of free negroes, said to number fully a thousand. The negroes are reported to be very enthusiastic in their new employment."

MAJOR GENERALS Halleck and Fremont had an interview at St. Louis at the residence of the latter. Gen. Fremont laid before Gen. Halleck his plans, movements, &c., together with all information he was in possession of as to the strength and condition of the army late under his command. The interview was very pleasant, but the views of the two generals are quite different as to the manner of carrying on the campaign.

AN army correspondent gives the following account of the medicine given the volunteers:—"Our doctors give us the same medicine for all complaints—that is, blue pill; bellyache, blue pill; rheumatism, blue pill; yellow jaunders, blue bill; cold, blue pill; diarrhœa, blue pill; and so on. We are, decidedly, the blue pill regiment, and of the opinion it don't take much to make a doctor."

THE western Virginia convention, to frame a state constitution, has met at Wheeling and fully organized, and appointed committees. The business will be dispatched as fast as possible, and an application made to Congress early in the session for admittance to the Union. The general outside opinion is that a gradual emancipation clause will be adopted in the constitution.

THE fortifications on Ship Island, at the mouth of the Mississippi, have been completed, the guns mounted, and a garrison detailed from the blockading squadron to work them.

SIGNIFICANT.—It is reported that, a short time ago, the Prince Imperial came into the Emperor's cabinet, dressed as a grenadier, with a knapsack upon his back, and, in a word, arrayed like a soldier setting out for some distant place. "Where are you going, Prince?" said the Emperor. "To fight for the Pope, sire," was the reply. The Empress entered laughing just as the Prince walked out, and was met by the stern rebuke from the Emperor, of "Madame, it appears that you have no objection, not only to leave France forever, but for your son to go along with you."

THE REBEL GEN. POLK'S VIEWS.—The following report of a conversation recently held between Mr. F. W. Hurtt, of the Ohio State Journal, and the Rev. Gen. Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, and commander of Jeff. Davis's army at Columbus, Ky., was made by the former:

We found Gen. Polk in much more comfortable quarters than Gen. Pillow, and rather more exclusive in his company. He is a fine, large, gray-headed man, rather amiable-looking, but distant. My case was presented, and the permission readily granted. He began to deplore this war, and wondered what our people in the North intended by it. He thought they ought to stop it at once, as they could gain nothing by its continuance, etc. I drew how he would settle.

Gen. Polk—By giving us all that belongs to us.

Hurtt—What belongs to you?

Gen. Polk—All that has always been acknowledged ours.

Hurtt—Do you want Missouri?

Gen. Polk—Yes, that is ours, undoubtedly.

Hurtt—Do you want Kentucky?

Gen. Certainly, most of Ohio river has always been considered the line.

Hurtt—But Kentucky don't want you!

Gen. Polk—We must have her.

Hurtt—You want all of Virginia?

Gen. Of course.

Hurtt—You must have Maryland?

Gen. Polk—Most certainly.

Hurtt—What will you do with Washington?

Gen. Polk—Any trouble about Washington arises from its unfortunate position. We don't want it! remove it if you want it; but Maryland is ours.

Hurtt—Well, General, you will *never get Washington!*

VIEWS OF A MEMBER OF THE CABINET ON THE OPENING OF THE SOUTHERN PORTS.—A correspondent of the New York Post, speaking of the rumored opening of a cotton port, says:—Principal among the parties with whom I have consulted is * * *, whose position in the Cabinet, at least, gives to his judgment unusual weight, and he assured me that the government has not the most distant intention of meddling with southern commerce by way of seizure of goods, or invasion of shippers, until this rebellion is crushed out. The purpose of the expedition is now no secret; it is simply to "plant our troops"—I use his own words—"where they can operate next spring, upon such points as may then seem most advisable to the government. Where these points will precisely be no man, not even myself, knows, as circumstances of position will regulate all future movements." As to cotton and tobacco, and coasters

Wit and Humor.

WOSHY-BOSHY;

Or, The Prestidigitating Squaw of the SNAKEHEADS.

[We have not given the previous chapters of this affecting romance to our readers, but the conclusion we find room for. It is one of those romances of which it is not necessary to read the beginning to appreciate the end. —*Bl. Sat. Ev. Post.*]

It became daily more and more evident that a battle was imminent. The Silvertoes, having encountered several reverses, were now serving themselves for a grand effort. They were coming with fire and sword, and that sort of thing.

Woshy-boshy knew this, and yet he was calm. His cheek did not blanch. He was even cheerful, and laughed perhaps more heartily than ever over the jokes and sparkling paragraphs in the National Intelligencer. Yet the Snakeheads did not question his ability to lead them in this crisis. They well knew that when aroused he was terrible as an army with banners, or a speckled jackass while in the act of kicking over a peanut stand.

He chawed more tobacco, however, than usual.

One day he took a large chaw, and handing it to Boozywoozy, he said:

"Will you sustain me?"

"I will," replied that gentle savage, biting off a large piece.

"Take a pound of the best store tobacker," said Woshy-boshy, "and soak it in molasses and rum, and it makes as good tobacker as *I* want to use—that is, if it is chemically examined by Professor Chilton, and warranted to contain no deleterious substances."

After enjoying themselves chawing tobacco for some time they commenced planning for the approaching engagement. "As we don't wish to become idiots and gibber, with straw in our hair, we won't look at those maps in the New York Herald any more. Let us souse a Tom cat in a pan of ink, draw him across a sheet of paper, and have a more intelligible map of our own." So said Woshy-boshy, and Boozywoozy was agreeable thereto.

Woshy-boshy had appointed the next day for the foe to advance. The plans were all made. Already the Snakehead troops were on their way to the field, three hundred masses and twenty-four barrels of them having gone round by Lake Superior, on board the steamer Iron City, Captain Ed. Turner. Woshy-boshy purposed going by way of Portland, and had engaged passage in Maxfield's stage. He was expecting Horace round every moment for his baggage. It was an affecting scene, the parting of Woshy-boshy and Boozywoozy. [The latter had conscientious scruples about engaging in a war where they fired real bullets, and hence he was to stay at home.] They had known each other from childhood, and now they were about to part—perhaps forever. "Do you remember," said Woshy-boshy, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how we used to throw stones at an old blind man and scalp apple women, in the halcyon days of youth's springtime? Innocent prattlers! Those days is past! Do you remember, too, how in after years, as we were about blossoming into manhood, I used to borrow money of you?"

"I do," said Boozywoozy, tears standing in his eyes in chunks—"I do, distinctually!"

"Perhaps I shan't never borrow any more money of you no more," continued the chief.

"You make me miserable! See! These tears are real, and these poignant moans are nat'ral. Big thing!" So spoke Boozywooxy.

"Here is my photograph. It is by one of the Old Masters."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" said Boozywoozy; "I'll wear it next to my heart," and he placed it in his left coat-tail pocket.

"If I fall," said Woshy-boshy, clutching his friend by the coat-collar—"if I fall, promise me that you will break the news gently to my creditors? Prepare them gradually for the dreadful shock."

"Consider it already done!" said Boozywoozy, ever anxious to accommodate his old and tried friend.

"Our friendship reminds me of that of Damon and Pythias," said Woshy-boshy.

"I think myself we are somewhat on that lay," replied his trusty friend.

"And do you remember likewise, my good Boozywoozy, how I one day in the exuberance of my childish heart, tied a cooking stove to the neck of my decrepit grandfather, and shoved him into the river? Ah! the happy days of my childhood! Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

There was profound silence in the wigwam for a moment save the sound of the tears of the savages, which pattered, pattered upon the floor.

"Will childhood's days," said Woshy-boshy, at length, buckling on his armor, also his coat of mail—"will childhood's days ever come back to us again?"

"I'll bet the coffee and cakes at Meschutt's that they won't!" exclaimed Boozywoozy. "Is it a go?"

They conversed a few moments more, when Woshy-boshy arose to depart.

"You will see Me mother," he said, in a soft voice, "will you not? Hush! If I fall, ask her, 'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'"

"I will interrogate that elderly female upon that important matter the moment I hear you have been scooped in!"

"It's well!" said the chief. "And now farewell! I fain would have thy blessing upon my head ere I go; and if you can also lend me your umbrella, I shall esteem it a particular favor."

They wept upon each others' bosoms. They stood up to their waists in their own sobs.—The floor of the wigwam was literally a lake of tears, and the chairs and tables were floating around the ships. Their sighs were heard ten miles off."

Agreeable to expectation, the battle occurred the next day. Woshy-boshy was kicked in the stomach by an ambulance horse, and fell fatally wounded at the first fire. Previous to expiring, however, he handed Nicholson a five-dollar bill to give him a favorable notice in his report of the battle, in the World, and requested that Frank Wood should put him in his "Pulpit Pictures."

The battle was a decisive one, not only breaking the back but caving in the stomach of the rebellion. The Silvertoes never had any more trouble with the Snakeheads.—Those savages, after considerable rehearsing, learned to behave decently. Reunited, the nations became stronger than ever, and marched on resistlessly to greatness and grandeur.

Winona, the prestidigitating squaw of the Snakeheads, married a young Silvertoe, of rich but respectable parents, and has lots of new dresses and things. She is very happy.

Woshy-boshy's sons all went to farming except one—Minky-winky. He is attached to all the various circus companies, and appears as the North American savage of the far-western prairies. He contemplates getting up an entirely new act, which will involve the use of banners.

Boozywoozy left off being an Indian and assumed the duties of a chaplain on board the steamer Western Metropolis, and is now at work on a man named Morris, with some hope of converting him, but not much.

Thus closes a romance which was written with one arm tied behind me, and under other equally adverse circumstances. Gentle reader, however glad you may be that it is done, you cannot be more so than I am. Hurrah! Embrace me!—*Vanity Fair.*

* A positive fact.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A PICKET.

While on my lonely beat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and on looking up, I beheld one of Secesh's pickets standing before me.

"Stranger," says he, "you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born, but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw terbacker."

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the First Families of Virginia. At least that's what I understood by the First Families of Virginia. I looked at him, and says I—

"Let's compromise, my brother."

"Never!" says he; "the South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

"Stand off ten paces," says I, "and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first."

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the Secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

"Soldier," says he, "was there anything in my head before you fired?"

"Nothing," says I, "save a few harmless insects."

"I speak not of them," says he. "Was there anything *inside* of my head?"

"Nothing," says I.

"Well," says he, "just listen now."

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

"What is that?" I exclaimed.

"That," said he, "is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach, but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?"

Too much affected to speak, I drew a coin from my pocket and handed it to him. The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

"This," said he, "is the first quarter I have seen since the fall of Sumter, and had I wounded you, I should have been totally unable to have given you any quarter. Ah, how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel."

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose. He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down upon that fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singular it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it.—When I returned to the spot the body was gone! Had it gone to heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so—but I haven't seen my quarter since.

GREAT DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTY OWING TO THE WAR.—"This war affects some of us rather severely," said a wag on a street-corner the other day. "There goes a man who has lost half he was worth since the Spring, in consequence of it."

"Who? what? how?" exclaimed the sympathizing listeners.

"Why, that little black fellow with the wheelbarrow was *worth* a thousand dollars down south before the war began, but now the value of negroes is so reduced that he wouldn't bring half of it!"

SURTEES AND HIS WATS.—When at college he was waiting on a dean on business; and, feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply, "any one as cool as I am!"

GENTLEMEN who are in the habit of going to the butchers, should be careful how they move when in the shop. The above gent has been unfortunate enough to get entangled with a string of sausages, and "cannot for the life of him tell the reason why those infernal boys and dogs are making such a hullabaloo!"

DO YOU THINK IT FAIR?

Dr. Dio Lewis, in the October number of his "New Gymnastics," gives the following pretty marked case of inequality in marriage. But, why will young men continue to select the mere ornamental in women, and pass by the useful.

"I know a young man, a noble fellow, who prosecutes a successful manufacturing business. Although possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself with untiring assiduity to the interest of his factory ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere.

"Half a year ago, he married a beautiful, accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the languages of southern Europe, (where she has resided several years,) with the fluency of natives, while she touches the keys with infinite grace and skill.

"Four months ago, they began housekeeping; a week since, they gave it up in utter disgust.

"The three servants figured conspicuously in all their griefs.

"The coffee was always execrable, the steak a shame, the cruet stand and spoons not fit to be seen, and the whole house in confusion, and covered with dirt.

"The husband bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then, sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of housekeeping again.

"I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If that beautiful bride had learned one less language, and devoted the year to learning the mysteries of housekeeping, she could have made my friend's house a real paradise. Ignorant of everything, she could but weep and despair.

"Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of that which belonged to her, what would become of them?

"I don't think the match a fair one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same merely ornamental class, in discussing the case, exclaimed, 'She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge!'

"I replied, 'Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?' But, does not the relation imply mutual obligations, which this wife has utterly failed to meet?"

WHY DO WE SHAKE HANDS?

It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. Jehu said to Jehonadab, "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." It is not merely an old-fashioned custom; it is a strictly *natural* one, and, as usual in such cases, we may find a physiological reason, if we will only take the pains to search for it. The animals cultivate friendship by the sense of touch, as well as by the senses of smell, hearing and sight; and for this purpose they employ the most sensitive parts of their bodies. They rub their noses together, or they lick one another with their tongues. Now, the hand is a part of the human body in which the sense of touch is highly developed; and, after the manner of the animals, we not only like to see and hear our friend (we do not usually smell him—though Isaac, when his eyes were dim, resorted to this sense as a means of recognition,) we also touch him, and promote the kindly feelings by the contact and reciprocal pressure of the sensitive hands. Observe, too, how this principle is illustrated by another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to determine whether a substance be perfectly smooth, and are not quite satisfied with the information conveyed by the fingers, we apply it to the lips and rub it gently upon them. We do so, because we know by experience that the sense of touch is more acutely developed in the lips than in the hands. Accordingly, when we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings we are not content with the contact of the hands, and we bring the lips into service. A shake of hands suffices for friendship, in undemonstrative England at least; but a kiss is the token of a more tender affection.—*Dr. Hunsbarg.*

A NEW KIND OF DRESS GOODS.

A pleasant Paris letter in the *Courrier des Etats Unis* tells this story:—

"A paper manufacturer has just invented a kind of impermeable paper suitable for dress-goods. Its manner of employment is both simple and ingenious. It consists in replacing by small frames the hoops upon which are ballooned the petticoats of our ladies. These new-fangled engines are covered with packing-canvas, upon which you have only to glue, as on a common screen, the newly-invented paper.

"Thanks to this invention, when a lady wants a new dress, her husband has no longer to distress himself with the disbursement of five or six hundred francs for twenty yards of velvet or thirty of moire antique; all he will have to do will be to buy five or six rolls of twelve-sous paper, and send for the glue man. This is simple, as all grand ideas.

"The father about to marry his daughter, will not be obliged a long time beforehand to bother himself about her *trousseau;* he will limit himself to asking his wife on the day before the wedding:—'What paper shall we glue on to our Emily?'

"'*Mon Dieu*, my love,' the mother will reply, 'do whatever you think proper—it seems to me that some twenty-two cent paper—with a pretty border, you know—'

"Then a man will take a wife without dower—and the marriage contracts will stipulate that the father-in-law engages to paper-hang his daughter—*faire tapisser sa fille*—for the first three years."

Useful Receipts.

TOOTH POWDER.—Dr. Delabarre has been induced to recommend carbonized rye as a tooth powder, from the fact that in all those countries where bread made of rye is the food of the generality of the inhabitants, the latter are remarkable for the whiteness, strength and durability of their teeth. Savoy and the Landes are instances of this truth.—Schrader has found 500 grammes of ashes of rye to contain 7 grammes of carbonate of lime, 9.8 ditto of carbonate of magnesia, 7.2 of oxydes of iron and manganese, and 1.9 of silica, all which substances have a favorable effect on the teeth. Hence—and from his own experiments—Dr. Delabarre concludes that rye, carbonized and finely pulverized, used daily as a tooth powder, soon stops caries, and promptly cures the small abscesses which are often formed on the gums.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BRAN CAKES.—Two cups bran flour; 1 do. wheat flour; salt; stir 1 pint milk into this; beat the yolk of 1 egg, and add; lastly, beat the white well, and put in. Have ready warmed a cast-iron cake pan, which comes for the purpose.* Butter it, as if for griddle cakes, and pour this batter into the sunken places; put into the oven 20 minutes; if wanted hot, two of these pans are required, as one holds but half this quantity. P. S.—These cakes *may* be make *half* milk, and also they will do *with* milk and *without* egg.

* These pans are sold at 905 Market street.

TO BOIL LOBSTERS.—Put them into boiling water, and keep until done, which, if a pound weight, will take about 15 minutes, and, if larger, will not require the same proportion of time quite. *To Make the Dressing.* Boil 2 eggs for 12 minutes, in proportion to quantity of meat; put them in a basin of cold water for a few minutes, till they become thoroughly cold and hard; mash them smooth and fine with a little cold water, add 2 tablespoonfuls of oil; mix well; add, by degrees, a salt spoonful heaped of salt, the same of made mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper; add gradually 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar. In this compound judgment must be exercised as to taste and quantity, to be covered with the dressing. I like mashed potato added, which I put in first with the egg; it gives richness.

Agricultural.

CLEAN HOGS VS. DIRTY HOGS.

It seems to be believed by some that hogs, to be healthy and comfortable, and fatten rapidly, must be dirty—must wallow in mud and water every warm day, to keep them from "melting." It is very true that hogs are inclined to behave like a drunken man sometimes, and wallow in the mire—but from a very different cause. There is, perhaps, no greater error afloat, in relation to stock raising, than that of thus permitting hogs to gratify such an inclination. The best place to keep fattening hogs, is in a dry, clean pen, with a good plank floor, with cracks between them sufficiently wide to allow the liquid manure to pass off freely; a good roof to protect them from sun and storms, and the pen well ventilated. The pen should be cleaned often, and thoroughly; and washed, too, if convenient. Let the hogs lie upon the dry plank, in warm weather, and a nest of straw in cold weather. They should not, when fattening, be allowed to touch the ground. The reason is clear. *The more quiet you can keep a hog while fattening, the less food it requires to fatten him. If you permit him to lie, and root, and burrow upon the ground, he labors to that extent; and consequently so much of the food, as is exhausted in such efforts, is entirely lost, when it might have been saved by keeping him quiet. The shade of the pen with air circulating freely through it, is better than all the mud and water—as the hog never seeks the water for the sake of the water itself, but for the cooling and shade from the sun which it affords him. He will sooner (unless flies trouble him) lie beneath the shade of some wide-spreading tree, where he can feel the air, than frequent the water. And when he has no litter in his pen to lie upon, but rests his limbs upon his own flesh, he is not inclined to stir more than is necessary, while lying upon the floor; and, at the same time, he will be induced, by way of change of position, to stand upon his feet enough to give him healthy exercise.

There is more skill required in feeding hogs, than people generally are apt to think. In the first place, in my opinion, under ordinary circumstances, hogs should be fed three times a day, and that regularly, morning, noon and night, and that only, and only what they will eat up clean, and not too much drink. The digestive organs require time to perform their duty; and when hogs are gorged with food all the time, they become cloyed. Nature has fixed the rule for feeding, and we should endeavor to follow it. No animal can eat continually, and be healthy. Your pigs and store hogs can wallow in the mud and water if you choose to let them; but never let your fattening hogs have that privilege.—*North-Western Farmer.*

NOISELESS WHEELS.

In this instance the invention consists in the application of a solid band of vulcanized India rubber over the iron tire of the wheel. The India rubber is held in its place by the tire having a raised rim on both sides, and by its own elasticity. The band of an ordinary carriage wheel is about an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and unless on close inspection, no difference from the common iron-shod wheel is perceptible. We have driven some distance in a carriage with the wheels so shod, and were struck, not only with their noiselessness, but at the perfect smoothness of the motion—the wheels being, in fact, springs, and by their elasticity giving a lighter draught than with the iron tire. We have seen one set of wheels which have been driven 4,000 miles; they have here and there a trifling cut, but show no appearance of being worn out, and seem quite capable of another three or four thousand. An iron tire is generally worn out in 3,000 miles, so that the India rubber tire has so far proved itself the more lasting. It is certainly a great addition to the luxury of a carriage to have it run without jar or noise; and it would be a universal comfort to have the streets of cities without the present incessant rattle of carriages, omnibuses, &c.—*Scientific American.*

PROFITABLE SHEEP AND THE WAY THEY ARE FED.—A gentleman in this city gives us liberty to take from a letter he has received from E. A. Parks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., under date of November 6th, the following statements in regard to the produce of his sheep, and the mode of feeding them:

"I keep about one hundred sheep. The flock was at first of the Leicester breed; but I have crossed with the Merino, so that my sheep are now about half blood of each breed. I have two rams of that cross that will weigh 200 lbs. each. They have yielded fleeces of 12 lbs. each. My whole flock generally averages 4½ lbs. washed wool. My flock last year gave me 6½ lbs. of wool per head, unwashed, and raised 100 lambs from 98 ewes. The sheep brought me in about $4,50 per head last year, and would have done as well this year, if I had not sold till now. I have my lambs come in April or last of March; keep them under sheds, and give them what good hay they will eat, and give them grain when they first come to the barn. About the 1st of March I commence giving them grain again, and continue it till they go to pasture. When the hay crop is short, I give them grain all winter. I have sometimes bought in Boston the second quality of beans, when they could be had cheap. It is a good plan to give sheep some browse through the winter, and give them sulphur in their salt, occasionally, and let them have good water as they want it."

☞ A GENERAL OF DIVISION.—The Charleston Mercury, of 10th November, says that "General Drayton retired in two steamers by Pipe's Ferry," on his retreat from Port Royal. This extraordinary distribution of the rebel General can only be accounted for by the supposition that he was very much cut up about the loss of his forts.—*Vanity Fair.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 49, 48, 37, 31, 3, is a marine animal.
My 17, 25, 30, 39, 59, is a plant of the gum bellis.
My 50, 4, 15, 6, 36, is a weaver's quill.
My 26, 7, 25, 16, is a mineral of the Middle States.
My 28, 23, 34, 27, 29, 40, is a bird of Africa.
My 8, 20, 16, 35, is a plant.
My 17, 47, 5, 1, 11, 38, 61, is a modern writer.
My 20, 40, 57, 33, 12, 22, 38, is a species of tortoise.
My 10, 43, 31, is a serpentine slimy fish.
My 42, 35, 57, 19, 56, 12, is a white succulent root.
My 29, 48, 31, 25, 9, is a bird of passage.
My 54, 35, 2, is a town in Assam.
My 4, 14, 20, 25, 53, 18, is a vegetable production.
My 30, 46, 37, 57, 1, is a voracious sea fish.
My 59, 24, 38, 44, 60, 55, 30, is a river in Asia.
My 8, 35, 9, 58, is a book of the Bible.
My 21, 30, 53, 60, is a musical instrument.
My 13, 6, 57, 9, is a tree.

My whole is the words of a brave General in the Revolution.

SAM. LAIRD.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 35, 7, 11, 26, 5, 37, 8, 46, 46, 41, is what the ark was made of.
My 18, 17, 20, 19, is a coin spoken of in the Bible.
My 31, 32, 33, judged Israel forty years.
My 14, 13, 13, 3, 9, 23, was a Hebrew prophet.
My 49, 40, 39, was the son of Jacob.
My 4, 21, 24, 27, 36, is a word in the Old Testament.
My 10, 11, 26, 37, 33, 44, 34, was the son of Joseph.
My 11, 46, 6, 52, 37, is a book in the Bible.
My 2, 10, 30, 1, 51, was a grandson of Esau.
My 16, 9, 37, 15, 28, was the son of Nahor.
My 27, 40, 38, 42, was a prophetess.
My 37, 46, 36, was one of the patriarchs.
My 12, 45, 17, 28, 33, 50, 44, was the father of Jonah.
My 52, 33, 37, was a Hebrew measure.
My 43, 31, 47, 37, 27, 37, 52, 26, was a Roman magistrate.

My whole is a verse in the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes.

EDWARD NEWTON.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An island in the Polynesia.
A gulf in Asia.
One of the great oceans.
A river of Asia.
A cape of Africa.
A cape of the United States.
A county of Ohio.

My whole is a river in Asia.
My initials form the river; the finals, where found.

SAM. S. LAIRD.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 2 acres of grass, together with what grew on the 2 acres while they were grazing, keep 8 oxen 3 weeks, and, in like manner, 5 acres keep 15 oxen 6 weeks, how many acres will be required to keep 15 oxen 2 weeks?

Z. FISHER.

Little Cooley, Crawford Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman's garden is 5 rods longer than it is wide, and it costs $3 a rod to fence it. The number of dollars it costs to fence it is equal to the number of square rods in the garden. What is the length and width of the garden?

Minneapolis, Minn. O. H. S.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem, of Christianity? Ans.—Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

☞ State the difference between a clergyman and a conjuror? Ans.—One's a divine, but the other is a diviner.

☞ Why is a man, disgusted with the stage, like a flatterer? Ans.—Because he's *sick of acting.* (Sycophantic.)

☞ When is a flock of sheep like our climate? Ans.—When it is composed of all wethers.

☞ When do broken bones begin to make themselves useful? Ans.—When they begin to *knit.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—"I demand it," said Allen' " in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Terra Del Fuego. CHARADE.—Violet. CHARADE.—Blue-bottle-fly. REBUS.—Tigris, in Asia. (Tahiti, Ispahan, Guiana, Reges, Illinois, Saragossa.)

Answer to QUESTION by O. H. S., of Minneapolis, Minn., published Oct. 19th.—The number of acres 92,160, equal number of rails.

Bloomfield, Iowa. WM. A. BOLLES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My answer to the PROBLEM of August 31, published October 26, is correct—as far as the decimals are carried out. Said Problem is of the same nature as the one proposed by A. D. Young, some time since, (which occasioned so much controversy recently,) and does not admit of an *exact* answer.

Will Mr. Bond please furnish an answer he thinks correct?

I should also like to see the *solution* by which Mr. Fisher obtained *his* answer to my PROBLEM of September 11th. Respectfully,

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Please address the above.—*Ed. Riddler.*

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I think the PROBLEM proposed by A. D. Young, in Post of November 2nd, is *indeterminate;* there not being sufficient data given from which to make a *definite* solution. An unlimited number of *different* answers might be obtained. However, the *greatest* area that can be contained within the given lines is 6.167885 acres. Respectfully, yours,

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.